

## THE TASK BEFORE CATHOLIC PHILOSOPHY

THE holding of quasi-international congresses of philosophy seems destined to be annual. Attempted with some success before 1914, the practice was resumed by accident rather than by design in 1920 through the invitation of the English to the French philosophers to a meeting at Oxford. In return, the French Society invited representatives from England and several other countries to the Sorbonne last December. The most conspicuous absentees were Germany and Austria; but there were signs that such a policy of exclusion will not last, for their absence was regretted, and not least by M. P. Poincaré; this former Minister of War, in the discussion on Relativity, openly expressed his regret at the absence of Einstein.

Whether or no German philosophers have much of value to contribute is another question. I fear they might provide only another ingredient to a very Macedonian dish. Truth to tell, there was for a simple-minded onlooker already a bewildering variety of opinion, and he could not but think of the old story of the Tower of Babel. And I refer here, not principally to the variety of tongue—that difficulty was to some extent overcome—but rather to the mess of ideas. Even in England, nowadays, it is very difficult to form a succinct idea of what philosophers are saying,—it is as though the Principle of Relativity had avenged its misuse by egging on every philosopher to invent a peculiar private theory with a peculiar private vocabulary. Hence the would-be learner is quite nonplussed, and with every new book has to start afresh learning the grammar of philosophy. If this sounds exaggerated, let the doubter take up the current number of *Mind*. He will be met first by an article entitled "The Philosophical Researches of Meinong," and through that article he will have to battle with a peculiar and very difficult classification of Relations. This finished, he will encounter "Concerning Transcendence and Bifurcation." If one of the uninitiated, this title will be to him quite meaningless.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The student of Whitehead will of course be familiar with the term "bifurcation",—and few would deny the right of a serious thinker like Prof. Whitehead to invent such words. But unfortunately there are not many Whiteheads.

Further on in the periodical he will come across a review of a new book of Bertrand Russell's, and when he has laboured to the end of that review, I do not think he will be inclined to dispute the outlandish nature of much modern philosophy. In fact, any but the most determined disciple of old schools of thought may well despair. Scholasticism has often been accused of presenting insuperable difficulties of terminology, but at any rate it was consistent, and the mastery of its vocabulary is child's-play compared with that of its modern rivals.

Now, unfortunately, so far from English philosophers being solitary sinners in this respect, the curse seems widespread. At Paris nearly everybody advocated a brand new theory regardless of common sense and tradition. The French Committee had grouped together under headings various philosophical subjects, such as value, science and philosophy, theory of knowledge, history of philosophy and psychology, but in the treatment of these topics we had from Professor J. A. Smith a Theory of the Economic Concept, a theory which views "the concept dynamically or energetically rather than statically, physiologically rather than mythologically or anatomically." "Every concept is a Utility, but as it exists and works it is no disembodied abstraction; it resides in a body or is enveloped in a vehicle which is heterogeneous in nature with its inward essence." By Professor Aliotta we were told that "an idea, a theory is true if it realizes a co-ordination of human activities with each other as well as with all the other activities in the world of our experience." M. Rignano defended a thesis that the functioning of our intelligence is constituted entirely by the interplay of two fundamental and primordial activities of the soul, namely, the sensorial and mnemonic-sensorial and affective activities. A M. de Laguna pinned his faith to what he called Nominalism; an emancipated American professor traced all the conflict between science and philosophy to the spirit of animism now effete, which produced metaphysics and theology; and a M. Dupréel eclipsed all perhaps by his novel theory that Socrates never existed. This somewhat odd list might be added to, but it is time to stop grumbling and to try and gather up what, despite everything, may be counted valuable in the Congress.

Whatever be the divergences of view in these international meetings, it must be admitted that their ventilation and a

discussion upon them do widen the horizon of contemporary philosophers. It is too easily forgotten how imbedded in experience a theory often is, however disinterested it may appear. Thus, for example, French thought to-day naturally carries the marks of the late war, and less conspicuously of the Republican anti-Catholic tradition. Very naturally, too, German ideas are not welcomed with open arms. The French do not love Hegelian Absolutes nor Hegelian theories of State. When Professor Sorley, of Cambridge, in his account of the State, distinguished between race as a biological, nature as a psychological and State as an ethical unit, he was immediately assailed by M. Halévy, who detected the influence of Hegel in such a division. This antagonism, in fact, seems to blind French philosophers to the defects in their own political theory. It was with some surprise that one heard present German democratic ideals tested by the standard of the French democracy and found wanting. Pride in their Republic is of course a well-known characteristic of a certain section of Frenchman, but one hardly expected philosophers to lose their critical sense to such an extent as to exalt modern France as an ideal pattern. One or two voices indeed were heard which did not join in the chorus. A M. Chardon complained that the State would never prosper until there was established a system whereby a political force could coexist side by side with administrative power; the latter being subordinated to the former. The administration would then consist of an *élite* chosen for their excellence in a definite work, be it in diplomacy, education or war, and controlled by a body whose sovereign work would be to see that the nation's aims and ideals were advanced by the Ministers of Departments. But this scheme was most unwelcome, and was rejected as undemocratic and leading straight to despotism.

The dislike of German ideas in France is further illustrated by the indifference shown towards Psycho-Analysis. Whereas in England and America that subject is only too well known and too often exploited, I could find scarcely any books under that title on the bookstalls in Paris, and at the Congress no reference was made to it. Instead, we had a paper from M. P. Janet on a case of double personality treated according to the well-known methods of the French school. But if Psycho-Analysis has up to the present received short shrift in France, the same does not hold true

of Einstein's Theory of Relativity. For this the reason is obvious; Relativity fits in with the tendency of French philosophy, and the late Henry Poincaré can be hailed as one of its prophets. At the Congress the session on this subject proved to be one of the liveliest, for it turned into a battle royal between its strong supporter, M. Langevin, and its equally strong opponent, M. l'ainlevé, while occasionally one of the Italian delegates interrupted the debate by rising from his chair and putting in a word.<sup>1</sup>

From what has been said, brief as my summary had to be, it is clear that modern French philosophy is influenced more by its own past than by currents from abroad. The combination of scientific interests—the aftermath of the old materialism—with the new philosophical spirit which Boutroux and Bergson and others have created is most remarkable. But science still holds the foremost place in French thought and teaching. At the Congress the French philosophers were most noticeably scientists first and philosophers second; ethics was read in the context of sociology, truth in the light of a scientific hypothesis, while metaphysics seemed to have been metamorphosed into a study of value.

On the other hand, English philosophy is still to some extent wedded to a classical tradition, at least at Oxford. In the writings, for instance, of the two Cairds, of Bradley, Bosanquet, Pringle-Pattison or Henry Sidgwick and McTaggart from Cambridge, science holds a very inferior place. Nevertheless a change is taking place. The work of such men as B. Russell and Whitehead and other Cambridge scholars and the rise of realist schools in America have concentrated attention on science once more, and brought into contact France and England on such questions as Relativity and Value.

Again the Italians come into line with these movements, for to them also the relations of science with philosophy and the idea of Value are burning questions. To some extent they are, I fancy, influenced by an antipathy to dogma, for they will have no truck with stable truths. The Dialectic of Hegel is revived in Benedetto Croce's philosophy, which at present is the vogue in Italy. Croce is best known in this country by his theory of Aesthetic, but this

<sup>1</sup> In view of the perplexity caused by Einstein's theory, M. Painlevé's objections are worth serious attention: they may be found in C. Nordmann's *Einstein et l'Univers*.



is only a part of a larger theory which maintains that the life of the Spirit is ever rejuvenating itself in a judgment which sums up the past in a living whole, itself to be superseded or sublimated by the next authentic declaration of mind. Croce, of course, has his opponents; the veteran Varisco, after a long service to false gods, has reached a true conception of God and personality. Professor Aliotta, also, is no friend of Croce, and his book, *The Idealistic Reaction against Science*, promised well for his future, but unfortunately he has fallen away and joined the company of other Italians who accept a form of Pragmatism. Here they are at one with the relativist philosophies of France and England.

Despite, then, the discord complained of above, the Congress served to emphasize the convergence of philosophical opinion on certain definite problems. Certainly it would not do to press resemblances too far; each country has its own problems, and the pity is that one can hardly expect any general solution, however satisfactory in itself, to catch the ears of all. But that does not lessen the immense importance of being aware of the drift of thought and of attempting an answer just where philosophy is halting, embarrassed by uncertainty and consciously or unconsciously looking for help. In France, Catholic thinkers are beginning to take the measure of the times. Nothing is more consoling than to see the resurrection of a specifically Catholic activity in the provinces of art, literature and thought; how it has captured what seemed most alien from its spirit, a Maurice Denys introducing the latest fancy in art to the adornment of pious pictures, a Paul Claudel lifting *vers libres* to what many consider the most exalted expression of modern French poetry. Only in philosophy is there delay; a feeling of uncertainty prevails, natural, perhaps, for here above all is prudence demanded. To judge from the Paris Congress one would have thought Catholic philosophy asleep, or averse from all connection with the secular mind. But such a judgment would be false. True, French Catholics were conspicuous by their absence; true, also, I think, that a party prefers to walk the opposite side of the street to non-Catholic thinkers. But in the circles of Catholic philosophy there is a strong movement to meet opponents on their own ground and carry on their faltering thought to a conclusion in harmony with the spirit of Catholicism. Unfortunately this

party, in its dislike for the intransigence of the former has suffered from perhaps over-enthusiasm, and so has not persuaded all Catholics of the legitimacy of its methods. I cannot here enter into the very delicate question of how far, for instance, Bergson lends himself to a favourable interpretation, nor discuss whether M. Blondel's work, *L'Action*, is altogether a safe weapon of defence and attack. *Incedis per ignes suppositos cineri doloso*. Safer is it to use just for the moment only such suggestions as can be found imbedded in St. Augustine and St. Thomas—that part of Blondel's work which has been taken up into what is called Neo-Thomism.

But before doing this, I must make more explicit the needs of present-day philosophy just where an answer would be acceptable. The questions which dwarf all others are the relations of science to philosophy, and as an appendix to that, Relativity, the notion of the State and the problem of knowledge or truth. That there is a great need for a re-statement of the relation between science and philosophy, and of their respective boundaries, goes without saying. And this task is all the more imperatively required because of the constantly repeated gibe against Scholasticism that it is based on effete notions of science, that the physics of a St. Thomas are childish and his metaphysics nothing better consequently than a jig-saw puzzle. Yet so far is this from being true that in a sense philosophy has nothing to learn from science, paradoxical as this may appear. The meaning is that science cannot add to the substance of philosophical truth, for philosophy is, by its very nature, perennial; its concern is with those truths which lie behind science and give it its possibility, existing eternally or actualized at creation or revealed at the Incarnation. A Greek or Roman had not the wherewith to decide the constitution of matter or measure the velocity of light, but he was just as competent as a man of to-day so far as reason, unaided by grace or revelation, is in question, to know himself, his purposes, his prerogatives in the Universe and the existence of other beings and God his Creator. Mankind has much in common, else were history incoherent, and it is this commonwealth which makes successive civilizations kin that philosophy regards. It is unwise, therefore, to greet any new scientific discovery as a reversal of some clearly-established philosophical truth.

Nevertheless, while this is so, while philosophy must ever remain autonomous, science has a large part to play in articulating its truths, disentangling confused ideas, probing certain conventional arguments, and making others relevant to the tendencies of the age. The study of religions and sociology, of the working of the brain and consciousness in normal and abnormal cases, bring down the abstract theory into every-day life, and serve to separate the counterfeit from the genuine. And especially does this hold true of Cosmology,<sup>1</sup> which has to move through such a mass of physical and chemical conceptions. It is to be hoped then that a work on Cosmology will soon be forthcoming: secure in its findings and unembarrassed by the wealth of data which it must have at its command. That a Scholastic treatise of this kind would be welcome is testified to from a perhaps unexpected source. In a Summer School lecture in 1919, that distinguished philosopher, Professor A. E. Taylor, of St. Andrew's, said: "Neo-Thomism, I am convinced . . . has a very great contribution to make to the Philosophy of the future and is much more deserving of the serious attention of students in our own country than the much-advertised 'impressionism' of Pragmatists and Bergsonians. Indeed, I hardly know how much we may not hope from the movement if it should please Providence to send into the world a Neo-Thomist, who is also a really qualified mathematician."<sup>2</sup>

The Paris Congress but confirmed this statement,—Mathematics, certainly, are a requisite for the philosopher who would write on Cosmology. But to formulate a theory of knowledge, a subject equally if not more important nowadays, mathematics can be more easily dispensed with. For there the need is rather of a metaphysic which will complete and give a perspective to the various theories now being advocated. And these various theories and their very failure do point to a reconciliation which the Catholic philosopher alone is able to give. His knowledge of God as alone absolute and comprehensive truth, and of His creatures as charged according to their capacity with the power of seeing truly though dimly because they are made in His image, can mend the broken hope of the Pragmatist and correct

<sup>1</sup> These lines were written before the writer had read "Wanted, a Catholic Cosmology" in the February number of *THE MONTH*.

<sup>2</sup> *Recent Developments in European Thought*, edited by F. S. Marvin.

the absurd arrogance of the Idealist. For despite of rancorous differences these two parties have much in common, and they hold the field to-day. The Pragmatist harping on the identity of fact and human value, the French Scientist treating nothing save as a hypothesis to be verified, the American Critical-Realist with his very confined notion of correspondence, are close to one another. Again for Professor Weldon-Carr, who rejects the absolute distinction of subject and object and sees mind meeting in both planes, truth substantiated in this co-partnership; for Croce, who leans on experience for the sole true judgment, and for Aliotta, with his "co-ordination of activities in the world of our experience," for each and all, experience is the touchstone, concrete experience the halo surrounding truth; by it alone the abstract thought is invigorated with new life like a Hydra touching the ground. It is here the two parties meet, though they come from different ends of the earth; the one hating abstract thought so thoroughly that he jettisons it for experience, the other hoping to find the supreme expression of mind, the union of subject and object in the experience of mankind. Put simply, these conclusions are a leap in the dark to escape the defects so apparent in human knowledge. Both feel that there must be some kinship between ourselves and the universe; and yet philosophy is such a pale reflection of life, so abstract, so dull. Our knowledge is not the final reality we grope towards. But both would have this reality now and at any cost, the Pragmatist leaping literally into the dark, putting his trust in something other than intellect, the Idealist fooling himself with the dream that our finite knowledge is the divine disguised, and that in experience, this disguise will be thrown off and soul and nature meet in perfect communion.

Is it not here that a Blondel would pursue his craft and show how these purblind declarations cannot satisfy as they stand and point onwards to the Catholic scheme? For, first, with God left out, thought drops into emptiness; both the world and ourselves appear like "vast tellurian galleons" that have broken from their moorings. And again, these very errors betray the insistent appeal of the soul for an experience purged of the defects which the old logics quite readily admitted in our thought. It is true that our concepts, our tables of categories are not fully adequate to life. The Pragmatist is not wrong in prizing experience and value,

in assuming that truth has degrees that it cannot consist of mummified concepts preserved from corruption but without life, and that in the higher reaches of our experience truth and value mingle their light. Catholic thought agrees; it has no illusions about the claims of human intellect. We see in a glass darkly, and our desire is ever to pierce that darkness and see Him as He is. But a St. Augustine or a St. Thomas, so far from relinquishing the little that intellect could give us as worthless, saw in the flickering human reason a lamp which had been lighted from above, which shared the tremendous honour of being kin to the Divine Intelligence itself. They knew that to extinguish that light and fall back on a moving reality, a Heracleitean world, where no meanings stand fast, were suicidal; and stark madness were it to pretend our human experience to be divine. For indisputably at the very core of human experience is there a sense of inadequacy. We can never penetrate into the inmost secrets of the Universe, much less into those of other persons. Our best efforts fall short of intuition. And even supposing that we could grasp the totality of life, we should still be haunted by the vision of an experience which could in no way be ours, were success to depend on ourselves; that, namely, hinted at by Plato and Aristotle, when speaking of the identity of thought and thing, where "all reality sings in harmony with truth," the mysterious relation of creature to Creator, leading up to the supreme self-possession of God in the enjoyment of His own Thought. Once, however, dismiss a self-existing God, as idealists do, and man becomes the centre, and then, inevitably, the ideal which cannot be kept out, because true, is inserted grotesquely enough into human knowledge.

Whereas, if the old belief in God be studied, it will be seen that no damage is done to the ideals these philosophers demand; nay, rather, in the Christian scheme alone can they be verified. For that transcendent, all embracing experience, where there is nothing between thought and thing, possessor and possessed, lover and object loved, is the culminating point of knowledge, its fruition, which does not belong to its intermediate stages, though it gives to those stages their worth and their guarantee. And this supreme knowledge is God's possession, His essential characteristic; while we can only enjoy similar experience by participation according to our measure in the Divine Intelligence. And it is precisely this

capacity in some sort which has been conferred upon us by our creation in the image and likeness of God, by our possessing the gift of knowledge, knowledge which is always true, though it may be reduced to weakness when lodged in a finite soul. Hence the paradox of our seeing truly though so darkly, and the folly of those who, because of the accompanying darkness—the necessity of abstracting, of palely-reflecting life as a substitute for full possession—reject it as un-serviceable. But this knowledge of ours has within it the germ of that richer, closer experience with the world and God. Furthermore, as the world, too, is from God's Hands, it bears the mark of His workmanship; its laws and principles are not alien from our mind. The kinship of the human mind with God explains why we find a kinship with the ordered Universe, why mysteriously the mind is adjusted to appreciate more and more the wealth of its meaning.

The old definition of truth, then, in Scholasticism has a vast significance. It need not be watered down to a thin explanation of "Correspondence" after the manner of Descartes or Locke. On the contrary, it has its roots in a metaphysical notion; it answers a question which, after we have directly attained reality in some act of knowledge, remains waiting for an answer, the question, namely, how it is that the world surrenders its meaning so readily to our attempts upon it, and how it is that the most abstract form of reasoning, mathematical or physical, which might seem just a game with phantoms of our own creating, can lead to marvellous discoveries in the Universe, and so correspond with the interior dispositions of Nature. And the answer is to point to the one Source both of the Universe and ourselves, to God who is the Archetype of the order of the world and the Parent of our intellects. The world is kin to us because it reflects God, who is closer to us than we are to ourselves and is our explanation. The darkened mind of man knows of this kinship and cannot forswear the truth that comes through the mind. He is like a caryatid carrying the temple of truth, but unable to see it as he would because it is above him. But, when all is said, the lot of man, irksome as it may be at times, is one to be envied, for to be in touch with truth, even though it be by abstraction and cold logic, stamps our human judgments as authentic, and is a prophecy of better things to come.

M. C. D'ARCY.



## THE PRIMROSE AND PRIMROSE DAY

**I**N an article published in this Review in March, 1921, I brought together some facts connected with the legendary history and identity of the Shamrock, which were supplemented by Dr. Grattan Flood in an interesting paper in the June issue. I propose now to give some account of another commemoration, analogous only in the fact that it is intimately connected with a plant: in every other respect nothing could be more different than the celebrations connected with St. Patrick's Day and "Primrose Day," the name by which, for the last forty years, the 19th of April—the day on which, in 1881, Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, closed his earthly career—has been known throughout England. The differences are indeed summed up in the sentence just written; the cult of the Shamrock is world-wide and its associations are primarily religious, while that of the Primrose is limited to England, extending, it may be, to some of her colonies, and its association is purely political; the connection of the Shamrock with St. Patrick, although, as was shown in the paper to which I have referred, dating back in literature only about two hundred years, extends traditionally to his time, whereas the founder of Primrose Day has not yet been five years dead, and has left us a detailed account of the means by which the anniversary was brought into existence.

Sir George Birdwood, the founder in question, was born in Bombay in 1832, and came to England when seven years old. In due course he graduated M.D. at Edinburgh and took up the study of Botany, devoting himself especially to vegetable products of classical and Bible interest. In 1854 he joined the medical staff at Bombay, where he became curator of the Government Central Museum, in connection with which he published a catalogue of the economic products of the Presidency, with notes exhibiting considerable knowledge, and much original research into the early history of some of the plants included.

On his return to England, Birdwood took up work at the India Office, where he remained until 1902, when he went to live at Ealing. He was greatly interested in plant-names, which his knowledge of languages enabled him to study in

various tongues; his acquaintance with those of India bore fruit in the appendix on the Aryan fauna and flora which he contributed to Max Müller's *Biography of Words*. I had some correspondence with him about English plant-names, chiefly in connection with the *Dictionary of English Plant-names*, compiled by the late Robert Holland and myself, which Birdwood said he always kept within arm's reach of his bed and knew almost by heart. In the course of an interview with him in his eightieth year, published in the *Morning Post*, reference was made to his connection with "Primrose Day"; and as I was writing to him at the time, I asked him one or two questions about this, to which he replied with his accustomed fulness. Birdwood was a great admirer of Lord Beaconsfield, and it occurred to him, shortly before the first anniversary of the Earl's death, that his known fondness for the flower might form the ground for a popular tribute to his memory. Birdwood's name, however, did not appear in the correspondence which brought about the commemoration which he skilfully engineered through the press, and various persons laid claim to the honour. His own account of it in a letter to me ran thus:

When I wrote my first letter in *The Times* signed "Far from the madding crowd," in saying "We all know the authority for the fact of Lord Beaconsfield's fondness for Primroses," of its being his "favourite flower," I had in my mind the inscription on Queen Victoria's card attached to the wreath of Primroses which she sent to be placed on his grave at Hughenden. . . .

My first letter in *The Times* was published just before the first anniversary of his death [1881], and at the same time I advertised in all the leading London papers that, on the approaching anniversary, all the florists of the West End, London, would be prepared to provide Primrose bouquets as button-holes to wear on that day. I think I phrased them "Beaconsfield Button-holes." The next year I again advertised all round, and again wrote a letter in *The Times*, this one signed "Hortus Siccus." I wrote no more, but think I advertised a third year—for even from the first year absolute success was achieved. It was in this second year's letter and advertisements that for the first time I used the phrase "Primrose Day." Knowing that all sorts of people would claim a hand in the deed, I precautiously did all the advertisements through Messrs. Henry S. King and Co. of Cornhill, bankers and India agents. . . .

Now the here and there vagueness of this statement is due to the fact that Mr. Moneypenny, the biographer of Lord Beacons-

field, on the publication of his first volume, expressed the desire to see me on the subject of the foundation of Primrose Day, as he said that all sorts of people were claiming the honour of it, and so far as he could discover without any proof of their claims. I met him, and simply showed him Messrs. King and Co.'s bills, and my letters to *The Times*, and the League history of the origin of the celebration of the Day; and he at once without any more words swept the whole deck of false claimants to the honour. . . .

The idea thus ingeniously initiated at once caught on: "even from the first year," as Birdwood says, "absolute success was achieved." By 1883 the observance was general; the *Times* of April 20th speaks of the display of primroses in London and of "the general adoption of this tribute in all parts of the country"—a sufficient answer to the letter, three weeks previously, of "a soul so small" who rashly prophesied that "sober Englishmen" would be unwilling to see Beaconsfield's memory "vulgarized and made ridiculous by this childish fashion." On the occasion of the unveiling of the Beaconsfield statue in Parliament Square, primroses were almost universally worn by the crowds; in subsequent years the pedestal and surroundings were crowded with wreaths and bunches of primroses, and the observance, lessened somewhat by the events of the last few years, still continues.

It is not without interest to note that the anniversary of Beaconsfield's death was marked by the decease of one who held in the world of science a position at least as great as that maintained by the Earl in that of politics, and whose name, moreover, was intimately associated with the same plant. This was Charles Darwin, who in 1861 read before the Linnean Society the paper on the two forms of Primrose which formed the foundation of his further work on heterostyly. I remember a meeting of the Linnean Society one 19th of April, when Primroses were worn by some of those present, who were careful to explain that this was in commemoration not of Beaconsfield but of Darwin.

It was on the occasion of the unveiling of the statue that the idea of founding the Primrose League to popularize the principles with which the name of Beaconsfield was associated suggested itself to Sir Drummond Wolff. Into the field of politics I have of course no intention of entering, but I may venture to point out that the Primrose, could it speak, might make its own the words of Arthur: "I perish

by the people which I made." It is no exaggeration to say that, were it not for its marvellous power of reproduction, the Primrose would have been exterminated in many parts of the country, as it already has been within a considerable radius round London. A statement to this effect in the *Westminster Gazette* last year (April 23rd) was controverted by the Secretary of the League, but was maintained, from personal observation, by the first writer, who says:

Having lived for the last eighteen years in a primrose part of the country, and seen the woods and copses cleared of blossom every year, just before Primrose Day, and the consequent gradual disappearance of primrose plants—thus prevented from seeding in places where once they were plentiful—I repeat the charge against the Primrose League of being the chief cause of the disappearance of the primroses, only a few stray plants remaining where once the ground was yellow-carpeted with them.

It is certainly a curious irony of fate that the popular method of honouring the memory of a distinguished statesman should result in the destruction of "his favourite flower."

And here it may be well to deal with a fiction which, exposed almost as soon as it was promulgated, shares the vitality which, as we all know, attaches to Protestant fictions about Catholics. It appeared on Primrose Day of 1921 in the *Daily News*, in the column headed, "Under the Clock"—it was from an earlier column so headed that I last year quoted an inaccurate account of the Shamrock—and runs thus:

It is generally recognized now that the association of Beaconsfield with primroses was a grotesque mistake. When Queen Victoria sent a wreath for his funeral inscribed "His favourite flower," it was not unnaturally supposed that "his" referred to Disraeli. . . . To Queen Victoria there was only one "he," and that was the Prince Consort, although he had been dead 20 years. Probably nobody was more surprised than the Queen, though she had perforce to keep silence when the suggestion so guilelessly given was cleverly seized upon by the founders of the Primrose League.

The misstatement was promptly corrected, but—again analogously with Protestant fictions—was not withdrawn: on April 21st the writer contents himself by saying that "it is possible" that he was wrong, and proceeds to suggest an explanation:

A correspondent having referred me to Buckle's *Life of Disraeli* on the subject of "his favourite flower," I see that Queen Victoria was in the habit of sending him primroses. . . . It is possible, therefore, though it cannot be proved, that the Queen so far deviated from the Prince Consort tradition as to let "his" apply to some other man than her husband. It may even have been a return for Disraeli's treatment of her "as a woman and not as a public institution."

The legend appeared almost simultaneously in the *Saturday Westminster* (April 21st), where an anonymous writer refers to the

misinterpretation of the words "*His favourite flower*" on Queen Victoria's funeral wreath of primroses for Disraeli—the pronoun referring to the Prince Consort and not to the politician.

The matter—*pace* the writer in the *Daily News*—is conclusively "proved" from a negative point of view, by the fact that no one has ever suggested that the Primrose was the Prince Consort's "favourite flower"; whereas Disraeli's preference was known, not only to the Queen, but to those associated with him at Hughenden. As to the latter, Mr. Reginald Bennett, Secretary of the Primrose League, quotes in the *Saturday Westminster* of May 7, 1921, a letter from Mr. Arthur Vernon, Lord Beaconsfield's land agent, who writes:

No one on the Hughenden Estate doubted his lordship's keen affection for primroses. The woodmen had orders to protect these plants. They were cultivated in large numbers alongside the walk behind the Manor House known locally as the "German Forest Path," and by the Earl's directions a clump of trees in the park, where the grass grew scantily, was thickly planted with ferns and primroses. Upon these and other grounds I can unhesitatingly assert that they were "his favourite flowers."

The assumed relation of the personal pronoun to Prince Albert is of early date—Birdwood referred to it in his letter to me; but, apart from the above testimony, which sets the matter at rest, abundant evidence is adduced by Mr. Buckle, in the sixth volume of the authentic *Life of Disraeli*, both of the Earl's affection for the plant and of the Queen's knowledge of the fact. It is not, however, wonderful that the doubt should have arisen, and that the inscription, on the wreath, as Mr. Buckle puts it,

surprised and puzzled the world. Surely, people said, there must be some mistake. A man whose pet bird was a peacock must have had a correspondingly flamboyant taste in flowers: to so bizarre and sophisticated a statesman, a primrose, even if the gift of a Queen, could have been but a yellow primrose and nothing more. Had he sung the praises of the primrose in his novels? They were only mentioned, it appeared, in *Coningsby* as a suitable natural object to which to compare a dish of hissing bacon and eggs, and in *Lothair* as making a capital salad.

Disraeli's fondness for peacocks found expression in the saying attributed to him when told that if he had those birds he could not grow flowers as well, and certainly in the 'sixties peacocks abounded in the grounds: the primroses remained unmolested by them, but the gardens were practically untenanted by cultivated flowers. But simple country tastes and pleasures always appealed to Disraeli; it is recorded that he told some who condoled with him on his fall from power in April, 1880, that he was looking forward to enjoying his Primroses at Hughenden. I remember, too, a harvest festival at the period above named when the Park, never closed to the ordinary visitor, was thrown open to the general public; and I have a lively recollection of Disraeli—he was not Earl then—watching from the library window the dancing, in which his wife, in youthful costume, took an active part.

It would be interesting to know whether the attraction of the Primrose appealed first to the Earl or to his Sovereign. Mr. Buckle does not tell us, but he says that the Queen, "year by year," sent them, with violets, from Osborne and Windsor, and that his letters of acknowledgement generally singled out the primroses—"the ambassadors of spring," he called them—for especial admiration:

On April 21, 1876: "He likes the primroses so much better for their being wild; they seem an offering from the Fauns and Dryads of the woods of Osborne"; on March 12, 1878: "Some bright bowls of primroses have visited him to-day, which he thinks shows that your Majesty's sceptre has touched the Enchanted Isle." Guests who dined with him just after one of these consignments had arrived remembered how he would say in pride, when they admired the heaped-up bowls of primroses that formed the table decoration: "They were all sent to me this morning by the Queen from Osborne, as she knows it is my favourite flower."

It was from Osborne that the wreath whose inscription has been discussed was sent to Hughenden, and Canon Blag-



den, Vicar of Hughenden at the time, wrote to the *Westminster Gazette* while the matter was under discussion that

during the many years of her survival of Lord Beaconsfield her Majesty never failed to send a wreath of primroses to Hughenden, which was placed on his grave by her Majesty's command.

It might be expected that a flower so common, so attractive, and so beautiful, would find a place among "The Church's Flowers," to which an article was devoted in this Review for August, 1915. But, as was there shown, the number of plants whose dedication to saints, or even to Our Lady, is ancient or traditional is comparatively few—much fewer than those who derive their information from popular works would suppose. Thomas Forster (who, probably on his conversion, added Ignatius Maria to his name) is, as I then pointed out, the *pons et origo* of a large number of imaginary dedications to and associations of plants with saints in his *Perennial Calendar* (1824) and *Pocket Encyclopædia of Natural Phenomena* (1827); but he assigns no saint to the Primrose. This was first done, so far as I have been able to ascertain, by Canon Oakeley in *The Catholic Florist* (1851), who develops the principle laid down by Forster, and assigns a plant to every saint—thus the "rose-coloured Primrose" (not the common Primrose, be it observed) is given as the flower for the feast of St. Alice or Adelaide (February 5th). It was probably from knowledge of this that John Mason Neale, in his Easter Carol (first published in 1854), wrote:

The world itself keeps Easter Day,  
St. Joseph's Star is beaming;  
St. Alice has her Primrose gay,  
St. George's Bells are gleaming.

For neither of these dedications can any ancient authority be adduced:<sup>1</sup> "St. George's Bells" may probably be traced to Forster's lines:

Against St. George when blue is worn,  
The blue Harebells the fields adorn—

<sup>1</sup> In case it should be pointed out that in the *Collected Hymns, Sequences and Carols of John Mason Neale* (1914) the date "15th century" is placed beside this carol, it may be noted that in his preface Neale is careful to state that the carols "do not profess to be translations of mediæval poems." This is evident from the fact that the Latin heading of "The world itself" is "O Christe rex piissimo": it is well known that Neale often employed the word "translation" in a somewhat enlarged sense.

Harebell here meaning the wild hyacinth, more usually called Bluebell, but in some places sharing the former name with the *Campanula* usually so called. The Rev. G. R. Woodward, in a charming poem, "May Lauds of Mary," published in the *Tablet* for May 13, 1916, follows Neale in both dedications:

At Walsingham, if man may tell,  
The snowdrops which the Abbey-dell  
Spring after Spring discloses;  
Or count Saint George's bells of blue  
That there abound, or, pale of hue,  
Saint Alice her primroses.

The dedication, thus renewed, will doubtless find its way into pious popular books, but I do not think it can be traced back beyond 1851, nor am I aware that there was any devotion in England to either of the St. Alices—there were two—to inspire such an association.

Another attempt to place the Primrose in the Church's wreath may be cited as an example of the wonderful ingenuity displayed in suggesting explanations of popular vernacular names. In North Yorkshire the Primrose is known as "Simaruns": the late F. A. Lees, in his *Flora of West Yorkshire* (1888), says that this "seems to be an ellipsis of 'St. Martin's ones' or 'St. Mary's ones,' i.e., St. Martin's or St. Mary's flower, blooming at about the time of the Saint's day." As to this, it is sufficient to say that the "days" of the two St. Martins are on November 11th and November 12th respectively, and that whatever "Simmeruns" (or "Simmeren," as it is also written) may mean, it does not mean *that*! So that it is to be feared that in this country, the Primrose, for all its beauty, must rest its claim to popular cultus on a political rather than on a religious basis.<sup>1</sup>

How far the former may prove permanent only time can show, but it is evident (even making allowance for the change in public life brought about by the late war) that the observance of Primrose Day is already on the wane; and it may be hoped that, as a consequence, the Primrose may resume its position as an ornament of the countryside in places whence political enthusiasm has caused it to disappear.

JAMES BRITTEN.

<sup>1</sup> The name "St. Peter's wort" is indeed found in the *Grete Herball* (1526), as a translation of the German name.

## PROGRESS

THE world, we are told, is ruled by ideas, and among all the ideas which rule the modern world, the most potent is that of Progress. Anyone who does not believe in Progress is a reactionary and may be set aside, he does not count. Professor Bury, in his inquiry into the origin and growth of the Idea of Progress, tells us that the idea is quite modern. It was first clearly and definitely formulated by the Abbé de Saint-Pierre in 1737. Obviously Professor Bury takes the word Progress in a special sense. According to him it means that civilization has moved, is moving, and is destined to move in a desirable direction. For most people this desirable direction means a condition of society in which all the inhabitants of the earth would enjoy a perfectly happy existence. It is based on an interpretation of history which regards men as slowly advancing in a definite and desirable direction, and infers that this advance will continue indefinitely. It implies that a condition of general happiness will ultimately be enjoyed here on earth which will justify the whole process of civilization. It also implies that the process must be a necessary outcome of the psychical and social nature of man; "it must not be at the mercy of any external will; otherwise there would be no guarantee of its continuance and its issue, and the idea of Progress would lapse into the idea of Providence."<sup>1</sup> During the Middle Ages the idea of a life beyond the grave was in control, and the events of this life were referred to the next. The idea of Progress is incompatible with that of Providence and with the idea that man's perfect happiness must only be looked for in the life to come.

Professor Bury claims that the idea of Progress understood in this sense had its origin and owes its development to Rationalists, and the claim may be readily admitted. He also gives credit for perspicacity to the Holy See which condemned it in the Syllabus of Errors issued in 1864.

Professor Bury's belief in Progress is very chastened, it has nothing of the fervour of Victor Hugo's *La Légende des siècles*, or even of Tennyson's first *Locksley Hall*. He sees quite plainly that in order to be sure of Progress we

<sup>1</sup> *The Idea of Progress*, p. 5.

should have to know the term towards which the world is moving, and that we cannot know. He seems also to have his doubts about the requisite perfectibility of human nature, another necessary element in the problem. In fact the idea of Progress cannot be proved. "It is true or false, but it cannot be proved to be either true or false. Belief in it is an act of faith," he says.<sup>1</sup>

Dean Inge is not enamoured of recent progress and is not dazzled by it. He holds with Disraeli that the nineteenth century mistook comfort for civilization. It cannot be denied that great advance was made in the knowledge of the physical world and in the application of that knowledge to procure the material comforts of life. It was the great acquisitive century, an age in which the nation increased wonderfully in wealth, numbers and power. But those things do not and did not bring with them content and happiness. The mould in which the Victorian age was cast is broken. There is no law of progress. We see now that the gains of last century were made at too dear a rate, and even that they are of doubtful value. "We have been driven to the conclusion that neither science nor history gives us any warrant for believing that humanity has advanced, except by accumulating knowledge and experience, and the instruments of living. The value of these accumulations is not beyond dispute. Attacks upon civilization have been frequent, from Crates, Pherecrates, Antisthenes, and Lucretius in antiquity, to Rousseau, Walt Whitman, Thoreau, Ruskin, Morris, and Edward Carpenter in modern times. I cannot myself agree with these extremists. I believe that the accumulated experience of mankind, and his wonderful discoveries, are of great value. I only point out that they do not constitute real progress in human nature itself, and that in the absence of any real progress these gains are external, precarious, and liable to be turned to our own destruction, as new discoveries in chemistry may easily be."<sup>2</sup>

Disillusion with regard to the modern dogma of progress is not entirely a growth of the twentieth century. It made its appearance before the end of the nineteenth century, the age which saw it attain the hey-day of its splendour and popularity. As the great national poet had, as a young man, voiced the hopes and feelings of the people while belief in

<sup>1</sup> *Op. cit.* p. 4.

<sup>2</sup> W. R. Inge, *The Romanes Lecture*, 1920.

the doctrine was general and ardent, so in his second *Locksley Hali* Tennyson voiced their disillusionment and disappointment.

Gone the cry of 'Forward, Forward,' lost within a growing gloom;  
Lost, or only heard in silence, from the silence of a tomb.

Half the marvels of my morning, triumphs over time and space,  
Staled by frequency, shrunk by usage into commonest commonplace!  
'Forward' rang the voices then, and of the many mine was one.

Let us hush this cry of 'Forward,' till ten thousand years have gone.

Have we grown at last beyond the passions of the primal clan?

'Kill your enemy, for you hate him,' still, your enemy was man.

Have we sunk below them? peasants maim the helpless horse, and drive  
Innocent cattle under thatch, and burn the kindlier brutes alive.

Yonder lies our young sea-village,—Art and Grace are less and less;

Science grows and Beauty dwindles—roofs of slated hideousness!

Poor old Heraldry! poor old History! poor old Poetry, passing hence,  
In the common deluge drowning old political common-sense!

Disillusion and discontent grew apace. Labour revolted and the Great War crashed down on a terrified world. In horror men saw peoples who prided themselves on their culture plunge themselves into the orgy of blood, hate, lust and plunder with a zest which would have horrified the barbarous hordes of Attila or Jenghiz Khan.

We do not fully understand what has happened yet. Can we do anything to throw light on the mystery?

The explanation is that Christendom has ceased to be Christian, it has abandoned the principles on which it was founded and reared. One of the proofs of this assertion may be derived from the distortion of the idea of Progress of which the Rationalists have been guilty. Like Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, Progress in a well defined sense is an essential element of the Christian religion. The Catholic Church fostered and guided Progress for fifteen hundred years, with occasional set-backs, but on the whole with conspicuous success. Then came the breaking up of Christendom at the time of the Reformation, Christian civilization was no longer under the guidance of the Church, and many of the humanists began to look for guidance elsewhere. Many looked and still look to pagan Greece and Rome. Some Rationalists, without reason as Professor Bury has shown, pointed to an unknown and far-distant future, when the fondest hopes of humanity were at last to be realized. They imported into the old Christian doctrine of Progress implications of their own. Man was to attain supreme happiness here on earth and without any help from Providence. By

those implications they distorted the idea of Progress. Christianity had taught and teaches that with the help of God man may make true Progress indefinitely in this world, and that then he may leap forward to perfect and unchanging happiness in Life everlasting. All this has been distorted by Rationalism, the world has followed it, and now finds to its dismay that it has been guided to Chaos.

My main purpose here is to show that Christianity has a doctrine of Progress, and what it implies.

Christianity has a clear and definite scale of values, and it is different from that of the pagan Greeks and Romans and from that of modern Rationalists. Taught by Jesus Christ the Catholic Church prizes literature, art, science, knowledge of all kinds. Some prejudiced people have denied this, but the history of two thousand years proves that it is true. Unprejudiced people now commonly recognize the fact.<sup>1</sup> Still, according to the teaching of Jesus Christ, there are things of greater value than literature, art, science and knowledge. Jesus Christ did not come to save the world by literature, art, science and knowledge. He came to save it from its sins, by his preaching He taught people how to avoid sin, how to lead good lives, and how to be truly happy by that means. The Catholic Church has learnt the doctrine which she teaches, and has taken her scale of values from Jesus Christ. She knows that she was founded for the sanctification and salvation of souls, and she teaches that man's good and true happiness can be attained in no other way than by leading a good life. Moral, ethical goodness is the main thing, all else is comparatively of little moment. Seek first the kingdom of God and His justice, and all other things that you need shall be added unto you. What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul. Christianity is penetrated with the truth and importance of that teaching of the Master. If the world is to be saved it must be saved not by literature, art, science, knowledge, and the subduing of the forces of nature to serve man's comfort and convenience. It can only be saved by good, moral living. If history teaches anything it teaches that lesson. All the civilizations that the world has seen have grown until they reached a certain stage of prosperity and wealth. Then decay has set in, not because knowledge dwindled, but because morals became corrupt. Ancient observers were quite conscious of this. It was at the root of

<sup>1</sup> *Mediæval Contributions to Modern Civilization*, 1921.



all the pessimism of the ancient world. It is summed up in the famous lines of Horace, which are a brief compendium of the history of the world without Christ: "What do the ravages of time not injure? Our parents' age, worse than our grandsires', brought forth us still worse, and destined soon to bear an offspring yet more wicked."

It was from that law of corruption and degeneracy that Christ wished to save the world. For that purpose He founded His Church. "You are the salt of the earth," He said, and your function is to preserve it from corruption. "You are the light of the world," and it is your duty to show where the hope of happiness lies.

Human nature, without the teaching of Christ and without the grace of Christ, infallibly tends to degeneracy and decay. But if it follows that teaching and makes use of that grace a vista is opened up of indefinite advancement and progress.

This is an axiom of Christian moral teaching. In his well-known *Treatise on the Practice of Christian and Religious Perfection*, first published in 1609, Alphonsus Rodriguez devotes a chapter to this subject.<sup>1</sup> He tells us that it is a maxim received by all holy men that we certainly go back if we do not advance. He says he will demonstrate its truth so that it may be a powerful incentive to make progress daily in perfection. He then quotes St. Augustine, St. Gregory, St. John Chrysostom, St. Leo, and St. Bernard, who all agree that not to make progress in virtue is to go back. Cassian, he says, teaches the same and confirms his doctrine by an apposite example. He says that one who is trying to lead a good life is like a man who is rowing against the stream. His passions are ever against him, and unless he overcomes them he cannot hope to succeed, any more than a man who is rowing against the stream can prevent being carried down stream if he stops rowing.

But Christian teachers did not base their teaching merely on experience and common sense. They chiefly appealed to the example and teaching of Jesus Christ. It is written of Jesus Christ that He advanced, made progress, in wisdom and in grace as He advanced in age. St. John Damascene and St. Cyril say that this is written of Him for our instruction. For he that does not advance goes back, he that does not make progress, degenerates. Furthermore, Christ imposed a precept on all His followers: Be you perfect as your

<sup>1</sup> *Treatise* I. vi.

heavenly Father is perfect. For Christians there can be no doubt about human perfectibility and the possibility of making progress. Christ commanded it, and therefore it is possible. There is no chance of equalling the infinite perfection of God in degree, but Christ commanded us to practise charity and all moral virtues so that we may be like God, and ever strive to make ourselves more closely like to Him. That is the ideal of Christian moral perfection; we can never attain it completely in this world, but we can always get closer to it with the help of God's grace. It is the spur at the root of Christianity ever urging us on to make new and greater progress.<sup>1</sup>

If the individuals who compose a society make constant moral progress, then social progress is secured. This will be especially the case where among the chief moral virtues are inculcated the love of one's neighbour and the generous conquering of selfishness. How real and powerful has been the influence of these ideas on the social progress of the past two thousand years is shown by the gradual abolition of slavery. The social effect of Christian doctrine and practice is necessarily elevating and progressive, and this effect was foreseen and intended by Jesus Christ. The whole mass of mankind was gradually to be leavened by the beneficent action of the Church.

The Catholic Church, then, has a clear and definite doctrine of Progress. Her mission is to make mankind happy even here on earth, and she strives to do this by trying to make them better. She by no means despises literature, art, science, and knowledge, but she knows human nature too well to imagine that men can be made contented and happy by those means. She has always used those means as helps towards the attainment of her end, but she relies chiefly on inducing men to lead good lives. There can be no doubt but that she is right. The unrest and discontent of the modern world, which has been pursuing other ideals, every day prove more clearly that she is right. We see that unless moral progress keeps pace with man's conquest of nature, selfishness, greed, love of pleasure, pride, and all his evil passions will be armed with terrible weapons for the destruction of man and of human society. The Great War should at least have made that clear. Constant social strife enforces the same lesson.

T. SLATER.

<sup>1</sup> See Cornelius à Lapide, in Matt. v. 48.

# MEMOIRS OF FATHER WILLIAM CRICHTON, S.J.

1584 TO 1589

**T**HE life of Father Crichton was full of adventures characteristic of the era of our Martyrs. For more than forty years he was ever in and out of dangerous situations. Hunted by Scots, English and Dutch, he was, on the other hand, highly favoured by the party of Mary Stuart, of Gregory XIII. and Clement VIII., Philip of Spain and Alexander Farnese, Prince of Parma. Thrice consigned to the gallows and long a prisoner in the Tower, he managed eventually to escape in safety mainly by the exercise of his shrewd mother-wit and unfailing courage. His period of greatest peril, however, was undoubtedly the four years which followed his third mission to Scotland, and for this period we happily have the Memoirs herein printed. I am about to edit them for the Scottish History Society entire and in the original Latin; but here in a more popular form I may cite some of the chief episodes.

## OF THE SCOTTISH MISSION.

### CERTAIN POINTS TO BE NOTED FOR THE HISTORY OF THE SOCIETY.

These Memoirs seem to have been written at Chambery in 1611. The headlines and most of the dates are editorial additions.

#### 1. *Condemned to Death by Dutch Calvinists* (August, 1584).

The important Mission to Scotland of 1584 has been described by me in *The Counter Reformation in Scotland* (1921). The story of the assassination of the Prince of Orange has been told in **THE MONTH** for January last, and the pretexts were noted by which the Jesuits, though without reason, came to be held responsible for the murder by the Dutch.

In [August, 1584] Fr. James Gordon was sent into Scotland along with Fr. Crichton, but on the voyage their ship was captured by the heretic Hollanders, who were up in arms against their King. As they were not at war with the Scots, the ship was freed from embargo; but, as Fr. Gordon and Fr. Crichton were recognized by the merchant who had chartered the ship, and accused of being enemies of his sect in Scotland, they were

for that reason kept in durance by the Hollanders. The merchant however, fearing to be slain by the Earl of Huntly, Fr. Gordon's nephew, for playing the spy and charging his uncle, took care that Fr. Gordon should go free, and that in his room should be substituted a Master Addy, a secular priest, who was on his way to Scotland. So Addy, along with Fr. Crichton, was taken to Ostend. Here Fr. Crichton, being known to belong to the Society of Jesus, was condemned to death on account of the assassination of the Prince of Orange, who, they declared, had been slain by the machinations of the Jesuits, wherefore all Jesuits who fell into their hands were to be hanged, and to that end a gallows had been erected on which to hang Fr. Crichton. In the meanwhile there was being negotiated in England a treaty between the Hollanders and the Queen of England, and she learning that Fr. Crichton was a prisoner at Ostend, asked of those who were arranging the treaty that he should be handed over to her, and sent a ship on purpose to carry him off to England. So Fr. Crichton was made a gift to the English Queen, and escaped the gibbet prepared for him at Ostend.

## 2. *Before the Privy Council (September 3—16, 1584).*

Examinations of Crichton, on 3 and 4 September, are printed in Knox, *Letters of Cardinal Allen*, but there are evidently others. None of the above mentions Thomas Arundel, who appears to be the cousin of Charles, for whom see *C.R.S.* xxi. 46. Father Laurence Faunt, S.J., is mentioned in Foley's *Records*. *D.N.B.* mentions both him and his nephew Nicholas, whose dishonesty, as described by Crichton, is very characteristic of Elizabeth's ministers.

He is brought before the Privy Council in England [Sept. 1584], they ask him by what name he is called; he answered that he is called William Crichton, that he is a Scotsman, a Catholic, a priest and a Jesuit, "If these things," quoth he, "are crimes," then there was no need of many questions to make him confess them; he had done nothing against the Queen and realm of England; if there was anything for which he was to be accused, they should send him back to Scotland to his own sovereign to be tried; he was not subject to the English, nor had come of his own accord to England. They answered that they had grounds of accusation against him, and they produce certain letters of his that had been intercepted.

In the course of these letters it appeared that at Lyons he had heard the confessions of certain Catholics, and among them that of Mr. Thomas Arundel a kinsman of the Queen. They show him the letters and ask him if he recognizes the hand-writing. It suddenly occurred to him neither to acknowledge nor to deny recognition of the hand-writing. So he answered that he could not be quite sure as to the difference between

that hand-writing and his own; and, inasmuch as on another occasion at Lyons he had been deceived by a forged script with a loss of 40 gold pieces, he did not like to be over-confident as to hand-writing. They reply; "If it is your whim not to know the hand, you cannot but acknowledge the drift of the letter; read it." He read and seeing that the matter tended to the undoing of the gentleman he replied, that the characters had been formed for no other end than that the matter might be kept secret and more craftily performed; that two years had gone by since the date of the letters, and so he had no recollection about matters that had so little reference to himself. They made answer; "You hope to go scot-free, but we will catch you." They sent him back to his room, and framed several crafty questions, to which he had to answer in writing, and these they send to him through an under-secretary. This under-secretary [Nicholas Faunt] had an uncle in the Society, Fr. Laurence Faunt: and so his first words to Fr. Crichton were; "Hardly," quoth he, "will you be able to avoid trouble in your replies; but do you befriend me with my uncle the Jesuit, so that he bequeath his possessions to me, and I will help you to answer all these articles without any hurt to yourself"; and so he did. Then Fr. Crichton thought that he was then going to be released, but from Master Walsingham's house he was secretly despatched to prison in the Tower of London; [16 September, 1584].

### 3. *Trouble from the Master of Gray (November, 1584, to February, 1585).*

There is much illustrative matter in *Foreign Calendar*, 1584-1585, and in *C.R.S.*, xxi. n. 20, whence it appears that, though Crichton defended himself well against Walsingham, he afterwards managed to send accounts of his answers to Paris. But here they were intercepted, and the information was sent back to Walsingham. Walsingham thereupon set Berden to watch Crichton, and thus discovered several particulars against the Jesuit. The report of Crichton's trial has not yet been discovered, though his account of the fact must be accepted. As it was abandoned, it may never have been put on record. Crichton seems to have mistaken the chronology of Queen Mary's death, which took place a full year later than this.

At that time efforts were being made by the Queen and council of England to put to death the Queen of Scots, for whose defence the Master of Gray, a Scotsman, had been sent by her son the Scottish king [November]. To Gray the captive Queen sent instructions, among which was a clause that he should treat for the liberation of Fr. Crichton, which caused Crichton to be suspected of holding communication with Mary. Fr. Crichton wrote from prison a letter to this Master of Gray, whom he deemed a very trusty friend, but Gray proved false both to the Queen and to Fr. Crichton; for he showed Mary's instructions

and Crichton's letter to the Queen of England and her Council. Gray was also said to have been a consenting party to the death of the Queen, his Sovereign.

However, although Crichton's letter contained nothing which they could bring as a charge against him, yet was he accused of writing letters and of communicating with others by letter, (a thing forbidden to prisoners), they wished to remove [*i.e.*, kill] Fr. Crichton, so that his death might prepare for the death of the [Scottish] Queen, which shortly after ensued. And so they accused him of having a knowledge of and consenting to the murder of the English Queen by the plot of Mr. Charles Paget, who came to England and had instigated the gentry to rise with him to compass the death of Queen Elizabeth. And, although this plot was hatched at Paris, and Fr. Crichton was then staying at Lyons, yet was he judged a party to the scheme and was to be condemned on the following Monday.

#### 4. *Dr. William Parry, the Provocateur (February, 1585).*

Dr. Parry was one of several adventurers who strove to make profit out of the discussions on the assassination of princes, which were occasioned by the Spanish ban on the Prince of Orange. Here we see him trying to inveigle Crichton into approving murder, but without success. Unfortunately, however, Crichton has himself in his old age confused several points, though considering that he was at that time a prisoner, it is little wonder that he was misinformed. Thus there is no evidence that Parry was bribed, or that the Pope approved murder. Nor did Parry ever really intend it. On the contrary, he sent the Cardinal of Como's letter straight to the Queen, thus confirming his character as a provocateur. Crichton is presumably also wrong in his account of his last answer. For in his letter to Walsingham (in Holinshed, *Chronicle*, iv. 572), written much earlier, *i.e.* 20 February, 1585, he describes his answer in these words: "It is certain that such a thing is not licit to a particular person without special revelation divine, which exceedeth our learning and doctrine." For Parry see *THE MONTH*, July, 1902.

Meanwhile on the Saturday preceding Dr. William Parry, an English gentleman and doctor of law, was seized on account of his conspiracy against the life of the Queen; and he cleared Fr. Crichton and saved him from death. For Parry was acting at Venice as agent and spy for the Queen of England, and although a Catholic was serving heretics against Catholics: won over by money he promised to murder the English Queen and so [hoped] to atone for the wrongs he had done to Catholics, whom by this enterprise he thought that he would free from persecution at the hands of heretics, and that the captive Queen of Scots, a Catholic, would succeed to the kingdom. In pursuit of this project he came from Venice to Lyons, where he asked Fr. Crichton's advice whether he could do this with a safe conscience. Fr. Crichton answered that he could not; "Because, that one may



put to death, two things must concur, a good cause and due authorization; that perhaps Parry had a good cause, but that he had not authorization, as he was only a private individual." Parry replied that he might do it on account of the immense good that would follow. Fr. Crichton replied that St. Paul's answer to this was, *Evil is not to be done, that good may ensue*. But Parry said, "That is not to do evil, but good": Fr. Crichton replied that this was a sophism; that it might be good in effect, but not in the manner; wherefore, says St. Augustine, God loves adverbs rather than nouns, because He loves not the good unless it be done well: it is good to slay a robber, but (if done) without proper power it is a sin. He went on, "It is lawful to kill a tyrant." Fr. Crichton answered "Not even a tyrant without legitimate authority." He retorts, "The Pope would hold the deed as rightly and kindly done." Crichton answers "This may be true, but you are wrong in the [preliminary] question. For the question is whether you can kill, in the hope of ratification by the Pope. I say you can not." He asked, "Who can give me this power?" Crichton answered "The Pope who can separate an infected sheep from the flock."

He went therefore to Paris and by means of the Apostolic nuncio, the Most Rev. Bp. of Bergamo, he obtained a licence, signed and sealed by the Cardinal of Como, secretary of Pope Gregory XIII. which he took with him into England. He met the Queen and persuaded her to betake herself into a remote room to give him audience. So it was done, but when he moved his hand to his dagger, he perceived that he had left it in his room; if he had had it, he would certainly have stabbed the queen. Not finding a similar occasion afterwards he opened the matter to his relative [Neville], and he to the Queen. So Parry was captured, and while he was examined in prison, he said he would declare all, if only he was not tortured, he would not ask for any favour, judging himself worthy of death. He was asked whether he knew Crichton, and whether he [*i.e.*, Crichton] was aware of his plot. In answer he declared all his questions and the answers of Fr. Crichton noted above, and that Crichton's counsel against killing the queen always stuck in his mind. So he suffered death, and freed Fr. Crichton from that fate.

##### 5. *Mass in the Tower (1584 to 1588).*

During Father Crichton's confinement the Catholics managed to obtain surreptitiously the privilege of Mass very constantly, *see* the documents for the Ven. Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, *C.R.S.*, xxi. pp. 194, 195; also, Morris, *Troubles*, ii. 195. From these sources it also appears that Crichton was at first in the Martin Tower, afterwards in Coldharbour, and there said Mass and communicated with Ballard as below.

In his prison Fr. Crichton had the opportunity every day of saying mass, and every Sunday of hearing the confessions of many prisoners of gentle birth, and of giving them communion. By the ingenious opening of doors, and lifting of paving stones in the cells, they were able to meet at night, not without their intense consolation.

6. *The French Ambassador (January to May, 1587).*

For these events see *THE MONTH*, July, 1902.

When M. de Châteauneuf, ambassador in England for the King of France, was accused by false witnesses of conspiracy against the life of the queen, he sent M. des Trappes to France, riding express, to inform his King of the whole affair. But he was made prisoner en route, with his packet of letters, and informations for the King, and he was thrown into a prison cell close by Fr. Crichton. The ambassador wrote to him, begging that he would take care that the letters he sent should be given to M. des Trappes, and an answer obtained as soon as possible. Fr. Crichton caused the letter to be delivered the same day, and an answer to be obtained, although the Queen's Lieutenant [of the Tower] never let out of his hands the keys of the cell where M. des Trappes was guarded: and this was done through a servant of the Lieutenant himself. Crichton sent the answer to the ambassador, who sent a messenger post-haste to warn his sovereign, who in turn took good care that that the ambassador extraordinary [Sir William Waade] whom the Queen of England had sent, should be detained at Paris without audience, until des Trappes should be freed, and came to Paris to defend Châteauneuf. For this service the ambassador sent to Fr. Crichton a large alms in gold, and thanked him, as though he had been the protector of his honour and of his life.

7. *John Ballard, the Conspirator (August to September, 1586).*

Except through Crichton's words, this incident is wholly unknown. We have but few of Ballard's confessions, and they do not mention any names revealed by him. The Catholic "stealthily introduced" into the plot was the deacon, Gilbert Gifford.

But above all other services which Fr. Crichton did in this life for God's cause, he thought that the first and the chief, was that he saved the lives of many English lords [and gentlemen].—Some English Catholics had made a plan for liberating the Catholic Queen of Scotland from prison, and of restoring the Catholic religion. Of this plan the English Queen and her Council were not ignorant: indeed they were held to be its inventors and instigators. They stealthily introduced a Catholic, who should urge the affair with special fervour, and so deceive

the Catholics. Amongst these was a priest, called John Ballard, a good and sincere man, who went round the whole kingdom, and induced very many nobles—earls, viscounts or Lords and Barons—to [favour] this opinion, though they never spoke their minds except in sacramental confession. The traitor, by name Poley, had invited a number of these Catholics to supper, and informed the Queen; so that they were taken in his rooms, and amongst them this priest John Ballard. The Queen and the Council promised him life and honours, if he would betray all. He could not deny the fact, for his accomplices had given testimony against him. So the poor wretch promised to betray all, and this he was about to do.

Meantime those who had spoken to Ballard during confession flocked to London, not knowing whether they should protect their lives by flight, or remain trusting to the constancy with which Mr. Ballard would maintain the seal of confession. Meantime they write to Fr. Crichton, because Ballard was in the cell under his, begging him to let them know whom the English priest had accused. Now there were two warders locked up with him, who were on the watch night and day to prevent anyone communicating with him by word or letter. Fr. Crichton therefore not finding any other means, carefully made a small cleft over the closet which Ballard used, and let slip through it a thin leaf covered with coloured matter, which could be brushed off. On this he wrote asking how he was, and how he could help him. Ballard, having rubbed the colouring matter, wrote back that he had confessed many things worthy of death, but that the Queen and Council had promised him life and many other things, if he would but reveal all those who had been to confession to him. So, as life was dear, he begged their forgiveness if he named them to obtain pardon, hard though he found it to accuse the earls and others. Then standing on the seat he handed back the leaf through the cleft. Crichton immediately rubbed out what he had written, and wrote in answer that what he intended was criminal and infamous: that he would not save his temporal life and would lose life eternal. Having received this admonition from Fr. Crichton, he returned him thanks, and told him to inform all his penitents, that he would never reveal one of them for any torments in this life; that he would rather die a thousand times than do so; that he regretted from his heart that he had named any, and he mentioned their names. He afterwards suffered the most grievous tortures, but stood firm and constant, and underwent a cruel death with fourteen other young gentlemen of family on the vigil and on the feast of St. Matthew [20, 21 September, 1586].

#### 8. *Over zealous Friends.*

Father Tyrie wrote from Paris to the Father General, 9 May, 1586, on

the efforts made for Crichton's liberation, and on the 22nd of June, Father Alexander George, Rector at Paris, wrote in still further detail: "Father Crichton is well, if one can really be healthy in a dungeon. We have obtained letters from the King of France asking for his liberation, and M. de Cueilly, Doctor of the Sorbonne and a friend of ours, who is making a visit to England, took the letter to the French ambassador there. He has worked so hard for our purposes that the Queen, after commending Father Crichton's goodness, has seriously promised to intervene shortly, that the Father may be allowed to go free. I pray that this may not be hindered by her dishonest ministers. On the 23rd of August the Father General answered that news of Crichton's release was not yet to hand.

The diligence, which was used by many for his liberation, did Fr. Crichton much harm. One of high family was sent from Scotland for this purpose; from Paris was sent the Curé of S. Germain, a doctor of the Sorbonne; the Archbishop of Lyons, then president of the Royal council, took care that a number of Royal letters should be dispatched to the Queen and council of England. But all this persuaded them that Fr. Crichton was a man of great importance, and so, lest he should be able to injure them at some future time, it was expedient that he should die. Wherefore, in order to entrap him, they pretend that the Queen has granted him liberty, "so let him write a letter to the Queen, and return her thanks." Fr. Crichton being suspicious of these letters, took care lest there should be anything in them, which might do him injury. When the Secretary saw the letter and that it was not such as he desired, he sent it back, asking Fr. Crichton to add these words, "and though your Majesty might legally take away my life, yet it has pleased your clemency to pardon me everything." Fr. Crichton demurred, quoting the proverb "The thrush makes ill for itself," because from its dung is made the bird-lime by which it is caught.

#### 9. *Free at last (May, 1587).*

Fr. Crichton dealt by letter with Sir Christopher Hatton, the councillor, and the most familiar of all with the Queen. He knew him to be a Catholic at heart, and he accommodated himself to his humour. Hatton obtained liberty for him from the Queen, and used him with very great humanity. He asked Crichton what princes and Catholics thought about himself. Crichton answered that they felt about him, what mathematicians think about the motion of the heavenly bodies. They have a real motion from west to east, but still they are drawn by the *primum mobile*, and carried by motion to the west. Being a learned man, he at once understood that Crichton would have liked to say, that he had embraced heresy to please the Queen, and taking out his purse he gave him 20 Angels [about £10] and let him go.

J. H. POLLEN.

## WHAT GOD HATH JOINED

"S O you have arranged it after all!"

"I have. A decree nisi. I am a free man once more."

"Well, congratulations old man. Don't go and get tied up again. That's the best advice I can give you."

John Harvard laughed. "It would be all right with the right woman," he answered. "I believe in marriage well enough."

His friend Godfrey shrugged his shoulders. "My advice is—don't, as Punch hath it. Once bit, twice shy."

He took out his watch. "Phew!" he exclaimed. "Four-thirty; I must fly to keep an appointment." He hailed a passing taxi. With a "See you again" he jumped in and was gone.

John Harvard, left alone in Trafalgar Square, paused, after the departure of his companion, as if hesitating which route to take. After a few moments thought he set his steps in the direction of Piccadilly and made his way towards the Tube station.

It was barely an hour since he had left the Divorce Court where the judge had solemnly granted his petition to sever partnership with his wife, Monica Maud, *née* Bishop. The case had been undefended, and was only one typical of the many as reported time after time in the daily press.

A free man indeed! John Harvard squared his shoulders and expanded his lungs with a deep, indrawn breath. He wasted no regrets on the loss of Monica, who was already well on her way to India with the man of her choice. He had tried to be a good husband to her. It was not his fault that their marriage had been a failure.

John's thoughts were full of relief. Free to marry again. That was it. He laughed to himself over Godfrey's advice not to get tied up again. Why that was exactly what he was about to do. He had only been waiting for this to ask Mary Verney to marry him.

He would go to her now at once and at least tell her his news, if not actually propose to her. He knew already what her answer would be. Had she not as good as told him

with her eyes and her unspoken sympathy that she was his any day for the asking!

John, tall and dignified, erect as a soldier, walked up the Haymarket, happy and alert. He even whistled softly to himself as he thought of Mary's reception.

Suddenly, as he was about to enter the station, he stopped short and uttered an exclamation of surprise. The object of his thoughts was standing near him, hastily turning over the leaves of an evening paper which she had evidently just brought from a newsvendor on the kerb. So intent was she on her search that she did not see the man whose very name she was seeking.

A smile flittered across John Harvard's face. He realized the position at once.

"Why, Miss Verney," he said, gently touching her arm.

The girl looked up at him with a start and then blushed a guilty red. Hastily folding the newspaper, she held out her hand.

"Mr. Harvard," was all she could manage to say.

"I was just coming up to Finsbury Park to see you," he replied simply, but he was enjoying her confusion nevertheless. "Have you been betting?"

At this last remark Mary Verney's embarrassment increased and overwhelmed her.

"I—I—" she stammered.

John Harvard laughed like a schoolboy. "I'll tell you the news," he almost shouted in his joy. "It's a decree nisi. I am a free man."

They were walking along now towards the Criterion. Engrossed in their mutual happiness the Tube station was unwittingly left behind.

"I am glad," said the girl, finding her voice at last. "Glad for your sake."

"Come in here and have some tea," John ventured with a pleading smile. "I want to talk to you."

Nothing loth, Mary accepted the invitation. The result was that in another hour John Harvard was no longer a free man! He and Mary Verney had arranged to be married at a registry office as soon as a special licence could be obtained.

Three years passed, and John and Mary Harvard were still living in happy union. Their marriage had been unblest by children, but worldly prosperity was theirs. They



had a comfortable home in the northern suburb of Stamford Hill. John's position in a city office had been one of rapid promotion until the highest rung had been reached, and he had been offered a partnership in the firm. Mary was a gentle, dutiful, loving wife, engrossed with her home, the possessor of many friends. She did not lead a selfish life, but gave time and thought to the help of those in less fortunate circumstances than herself.

But something was wrong nevertheless. Something indefinite, something intangible. John was the first to recognize the fact in himself. Brought up as a Nonconformist, it was many years since he had set foot in any place of worship, unless it had been perhaps for the mere object of sight-seeing when on holiday. He had never felt the need of religion, never thought of it as a necessary adjunct to life, or ever thought to inquire what were Mary's views in the matter. As he grew older persistent thoughts came to him, questionings as to an hereafter, doubts as to a personal God, desires for a further knowledge of religion, a religion that should be sure and dogmatic, a religion that should satisfy the newly-awakening needs of his soul. He began to read the Bible, and sometimes spoke to Mary of the thoughts that were uppermost within him.

To his intense astonishment he discovered one day, in the course of such a conversation, that Mary had been baptized and educated as a Catholic. He could not conceal his wonder.

"But you never go to church," he said. "I don't know much about Catholics, but I thought one of their most important rules was that the Sunday service was obligatory."

Mary flushed.

"So it is," she replied. "But I got sick of religion. If you had had religion crammed down your throat every day as a child you would have got sick of it too."

John said no more. He was pondering deeply.

On the following Sunday at breakfast he asked Mary whether she would accompany him to the Catholic Church for Mass. She made some demur at first, but finally he persuaded her to go.

The church was that of St. Ignatius, at Stamford Hill. The Mass was the ordinary "Missa Cantata" at eleven with a sermon. John was much impressed and said to as he came away. He asked Mary many explanations as to the cere-

monies and their meanings. She was able to tell him a great deal but not enough to satisfy him.

After that, John went regularly to Mass every Sunday, sometimes with Mary, sometimes alone. She professed herself bored with the proceedings and tried to dissuade him in his attempt to know more of Catholicism. At last she refused to go with him any more.

Weeks and months passed thus. Mary carefully avoided the subject of religion while John grew more and more keen in desire to know more about it.

After much earnest thought he decided to seek an interview with one of the Fathers at the College. There was one whose sermons he appreciated above all others, and, inquiring his name of the sacristan, he wrote a letter asking for an evening appointment. A reply came by return of post, and within forty-eight hours John found himself in the ugly, bare parlour of St. Ignatius College.

The result of this interview was that John placed himself under instruction. He said nothing to Mary as yet. Time enough when he had definitely made up his mind.

It was some while before John realized that he was face to face with the crisis of his life. And it happened this wise.

The Father was explaining the Sacrament of Matrimony and the question of Divorce came up as a matter of course.

"Do you mean to say," asked John, "that if an innocent man divorces his wife the Church of Rome does not allow him to marry again?"

"The Church does not recognize Divorce at all," answered the priest. "What God hath joined together let no man rend asunder." And he proceeded to expound the doctrine clearly.

"I divorced my first wife," said John, after he had listened carefully. "And I have married again. What would my position be if I decided to join your Church?"

Father Herbert looked serious. He realized the gravity of the situation. What he had to say would probably be a stumbling block and jeopardize John's reception into the one true Fold.

"It would mean," he said, carefully choosing his words, "that you would have to separate from the lady with whom you are now living as your wife. For she is not your wife so long as the partner of your first marriage survives."

John was full of consternation.

"But Mary is a Catholic. Surely that would make a difference."

"I am afraid not," said the Father gently. "But what you say surprises me nevertheless. How was it, that being a Catholic, she consented to marry you? She must have known that it was no marriage in the eyes of God."

John flushed.

"I am afraid she has quite given up all practice of her religion. Indeed, I did not know myself until quite lately that she had been brought up as a Catholic."

"It is very sad, very sad," said Father Herbert. He tapped gently on the table as he spoke and then was silent for a considerable space.

John sat silent also. He was thinking that this new fact made everything impossible. Even if he did not love Mary as dearly as he did he could not forsake her and leave her to live alone.

"I wonder," said the Father at length, "whether Mrs. Harvard would care to come and see me. Do you think she would?"

John brightened at this suggestion. "I think that would be an excellent plan," he replied. "I will bring her up myself to-morrow, if you are free, Father."

"Yes, certainly, but don't frighten her or attempt to argue with her. She has probably not thought of the contingency that has arisen. I think you told me that she did not know of your visits here."

"That is so," said John. "I am sorry now that I did not tell her."

"That is of no importance," replied the priest. "But do you know that, on second thoughts, I almost think that the best plan would be for me to call on her. You would probably have great difficulty in getting her here if she in the least suspected what was in our minds. Should I have your permission to call to-morrow? And should I find her in?"

John considered with an anxious look on his face.

"I almost think I had better give up the idea of becoming a Catholic," he said, "if you are sure that it means giving up Mary. I could not possibly face that."

"At any rate you will not object to my calling on her," answered the Father, more distressed in mind than he cared to show. "I should like to ascertain her point of view."

With many misgivings, and after a great deal more persuasion on the part of Father Herbert, John reluctantly consented to the proposed arrangement, stipulating only that he himself should warn Mary of the Father's visit.

"Cheer up!" said the Father on parting with him. "I shall pray for you earnestly at Holy Mass. God is very good and will send a way out of the difficulty."

But John felt anything but cheerful as he walked home and thought of the prospect in store for him and Mary. The more he considered it the more impossible it seemed to him that he should separate from the one being he loved, the only being who loved him in return. However much he might accept the fact for himself it would not be fair to impose it on her.

Tremendously attracted by the doctrines of the Church, which he fully accepted as the one true faith, he wondered with increasing amazement at the fact that Mary should have lost her hold of their powerful and stimulating support to such a degree as she had done. For she had no vices of any kind: she was kind, amiable and charitable, more large-hearted than any of the women of her own set. What was it he asked himself repeatedly that had been the cause of her secession?

He let himself in with a latch-key and was greeted with the friendly yaps of an Irish terrier, who had come running at the sound of his approach. Through the open garden door at the back of the hall he could see Mary on the lawn in the sunlight. It was Saturday afternoon and she was preparing the tea-table near the little summer-house which he had erected with his own hands.

A twinge seized him as he stood on the garden steps and watched her. Their life had been so happy together, each completely satisfied the other's needs. If only there had been little ones all would have been perfect. And now he was asked to bring their happy union to a drastic end.

"Impossible, impossible!" he said to himself, as he crossed the grass. "And yet I must tell her. Better get it over at once."

"Well, Jack!" was her greeting. "Isn't it a gorgeous day? Have you had a nice walk?"

She arranged two garden chairs as she spoke, and with a gesture, invited him to take one as she sat down on the other.

"I have not been very far," replied John. "Only to St. Ignatius and back."

She raised her eyebrows in surprised query.

"Church on week-days as well as Sundays. I thought you were tiring of your new hobby."

"Far from it. On the contrary I have been receiving instruction from Father Herbert and I have practically decided to become a Catholic."

Mary's face blanched. No need to tell her what that meant. He saw from her look that she realized the position at once.

"John!" Her voice was strained. "John, you cannot do it. Do you know what it means—to you and to me?"

"I have just been told." He spoke very wearily. "Father Herbert wants to come and see you to-morrow."

Mary was silent. The blow that she had dreaded a few months ago had come upon them at last. She had as yet no qualms of conscience as to the course she had taken, but she knew that the law of God was rigorous and meant separation from John.

John was the first to speak.

"What are we to do, Mary? I can see no way out."

"No way out!" Her voice was scornful. "Why do you wish to join a religion that obliges such dastardly behaviour on your part?" Her anger rose as she spoke, and she lost her usual self-command. "It is iniquitous! Are we not perfectly happy and united? Ask any of our friends. They regard us as a model husband and wife. Do you know of any others who live in such harmony as we do? Why, Jack," her voice became calmer, "I believe this is our first quarrel."

She touched his arm with a caressing movement and the man's heart quailed as if a sword had pierced him.

"You cannot do it, Jack. You cannot leave me; I cannot leave you."

"Dearest," was all he could say. "I feel utterly bewildered and distracted."

They sat in silence as the maid brought out the tea-tray. Mary set herself to the table and they both made a pretence of eating and drinking. But it was merely a pretence.

Although both their minds were intent on the same subject they knew that discussion was useless. If John followed his convictions and became a Catholic they must separate. The only alternative was to forswear belief and remain as they were.

"What shall we do?" asked John, after their desultory tea,

as Mary rose and gathered together cups and saucers on the tray.

"Don't let's talk about it," she replied. "I must have time to think."

She bent over him and kissed him softly.

"Did you say Father Herbert was coming to see me?"

"Yes, to-morrow, in the morning."

Then he added: "Don't see him, Mary, if you don't wish. I'll write him a note and tell him not to come. I can say that we have decided to let things remain as they are for the present."

"God knows how I love you, John. It would break my heart to leave you."

"And mine too."

He had risen from the chair, and linking his arm in hers, they walked slowly to the house.

Mary was hesitating. Big thoughts were chasing through her brain. All the old doctrine and piety instilled in early childhood was clamouring in her soul for recognition. It would be a sin, a mortal sin, if she allowed John to sacrifice religion for her sake. An old familiar text rose before her mind: "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul." John was all the world to her. Was he worth more than her soul, more than his own soul, if she were to do this thing? How would she feel at the hour of death confronted with a lifelong sin?

"I must think," she said distractedly. "Let me go now, dear heart, to my own room."

He let her go and turned to pace the garden in abstracted agony.

In after years John remembered that time as the most distressful of his life.

He stayed in the garden until the gong sounded for dinner, wishful to leave Mary alone and busy with his own thoughts. He made up his mind to let her decide the knotty problem.

He would do as she wished. It must remain at that.

As he came up the garden steps the maid met him with an envelope on a salver.

"Mistress asked me to give you this, sir," she said. "She said that she would not be back to dinner until late and that dinner was not to wait."

She eyed him curiously as she spoke, scenting mystery. John felt suddenly grown old as he took the envelope and



opened it. There were only a few lines: "Don't worry, dearest. I cannot wait until to-morrow to see Father Herbert. It won't be the first time I have gone to confession! Your own Mary."

John pulled himself together.

"Very well, Jane. I will have my dinner. See that some is kept hot."

So that was the beginning of the end. There could be only one result, John knew. Mary would not have gone to confession if she had not weakened in her first purpose.

He toyed with the meal, and retired to his study restless and moody. Nine o'clock passed and Mary did not return. He paced the study floor, stopping frequently for imaginary sounds at the front door. He arranged his books and papers mechanically, lit his pipe and let it go out several times. Still no sign of Mary.

Should he go down the hill and meet her? She would probably prefer to come in alone. So he desisted. Whatever happened, he would be very kind, very gentle.

A loud peal at the bell, even though long expected, made him start violently. Unable to wait a moment longer he went himself to the door. It was not Mary after all. A man stood on the step.

"May I come in for a minute?" It was Father Herbert's voice, and John knew instinctively that the end had come.

He led the way into his study, calling to Jane, who had appeared at the sound of the bell, to go to bed.

"She is not coming back!" he cried in an anguished voice. "I knew it. I knew she would not come." He sank into a chair and covered his face with his hands.

Father Herbert was very kind and very patient. He made no attempt to argue or dogmatize, but his whole being went out in sympathy to the stricken man.

After a while he explained that Mary had been to him and made her peace with God. He had advised her to go to a convent which he knew well for a few days until further arrangements could be made and the business side of the matter discussed. He tried to raise John's thoughts to higher things, and praised Mary for her courage.

It was poor consolation at the moment, but after the Father had gone, John tried to pray and spent most of the night on his knees. Sunday passed in solitary heartache. Father Herbert gave him every moment of spare time from a very

busy day and did all he could to cheer and comfort him.

Again the weeks passed until the day came for John's reception into the Church. He had not seen Mary all that time, but it had been arranged that she was to be there at the baptism. She was still staying at the convent where the Reverend Mother and Sisters were very kind she told him. She wanted no more for the present and was really happy, solidly happy now that they had done the right thing.

John spoke of giving up the house but Mary would not hear of it." It is very difficult to parry the questions of friends," he said. "Besides, you ought to be living there, not I."

"I am best where I am," she replied. "Later on we will make other arrangements. Patience, John dearest. Patience and prayer."

How unlike the old Mary he had known, thought John, with thankfulness in his heart that she had helped and not hindered him.

It was six months after John's reception that one morning, on coming down to his lonely breakfast table, his eye fell, as if by impulse, on a notice in the "Births, Marriages and Deaths" column of the *Times*. He laid down the paper suddenly and paced the room excitedly.

"Mary, Mary." He called the name aloud. "Oh my God, it has come at last."

ABBOT, on February 15, at Calcutta, in her 30th year, Monica Maud, *née* Bishop, the wife of Aubrey Abbot, late of Winthrop, Hants.

SHIRLEY TRENT.

## HOW SHALL THEY HEAR ?

A YOUNG colonial, school-mastering in England, said not long ago to the present writer: "I am not a Christian. But I suppose you realize that there are hundreds of young men where you live, and hundreds of thousands of young men and women in the country, who are hungering and thirsting for a message—in fact, for what you've just been saying; and wouldn't they just listen to a Prophet!"

Such words were, in reality, as stimulating to personal endeavour as any retreat could be; for, not only they urged to the apostolate, but to that personal holiness without which apostolate is but the beating of brass. All the same, they drove the mind back to the old, old problem: How shall the Prophet, when we have one, get a hearing?

We can safely say, by now, that the country is not a church-going country.

*The Army and Religion*, a book compiled by non-Catholics, estimated recently that 70% of the population were attached by conviction to no denomination whatsoever. Of the remaining 30%, 5% are Catholics. Out of the whole population, then, 25% contains what may be called the practising non-Catholic population, Anglicans, and all the varieties of Nonconformists. But in *their* churches or chapels we do not and cannot preach. So let us say once for all that sermons and missions in our own churches, invaluable as they may be, do not reach—I will not say the nation, but not even the susceptible part of the nation—the part that, at any rate, professes to believe in some sort of Christianity, and might therefore be expected to welcome the right sort if it heard it.

I may say in parenthesis that I do not think the church-going minority of our people is the most susceptible of truth. Quite apart from the force of convention and respectability which drives so many to church and still more to chapel, in the minds of such persons crystallized errors exist even more massively, more clogingly, than in the minds of the unattached. I do not know that a church full of people committed to some religious "ism" would be as open to

our preaching as the bewildered average man, who has "no use" for church or chapel at all, but *does* want the "message."

Anyhow, by preaching in our churches we shall never convert England. What, then, about preaching outside them? The C.E.G.? The apostolate of the parks and the Birmingham Bull-Ring?

Admirable. And we hope every man and woman who has the conversion of our fellow-countrymen in any way at heart will read Father H. Browne's book on the C.E.G.<sup>1</sup> But this movement is in its infancy. And even when it shall be adult it will not be able to dispense, any more than it can now, with the written word. After a competent lecture on Divorce, on the Pope, on Immortality, the hearer will still need the book, to fix what he has heard in his mind, and to supplement it. He will want to occupy himself with the topic that struck him on Sunday, during the next week, as he rides on 'bus, or travels by Tube, or sits by his fire.

We have a great number of Catholic books in existence. What I want to ask is: Are they the *right kind of book*?

We think Catholics in England have made a very noteworthy attempt to produce and distribute good literature, and are indeed in possession of many books which are of the right sort. That does not mean that we have not got a great deal of quite the wrong sort, but we like to look first, at any rate, at the happier side.

It is quite certain that we need books that are as good as those that in other departments are *recognized as first-rate*. That these should exist is essential. However excellent be our second-class literature as such, we cannot offer it without a certain amount of shamefacedness, unless we can point away from it to the recognizedly first-rate stuff which shall give the full evidence for what it asserts. Books of *haute vulgarisation*, such as the French produce so very well, are deprived of most of their value if the sort of material which they essentially *ought not* to contain is not to be found anywhere, or only in books by non-Catholics. Probably the series of books on the history of the Church in England, produced by the late Bishop Ward and by Mgr. Burton, are quite first-rate. St. Edmund's College, whence they were issued, has put the whole Catholic community under

<sup>1</sup> See "The Catholic Evidence Movement," by A. Day, S.J., *THE MONTH*, February, 1922, p. 123.

a permanent obligation. Again, Mr. G. O'Brien's volumes on *The Economic History of Ireland* are said to be quite worthy of the first rank. But we must ask for more books than on "England" or on "Ireland." It was right that a German, Father Grisar, should write the ideal work on Luther; but he was able, too, to write on mediæval Rome in an ideal way. We want some such books by Catholic English writers which shall impose themselves on our country; which shall be inevitably referred to in our Universities; which shall be as final as anything in the book line can be, and as necessary in the general world of students as to the students in our seminaries.<sup>1</sup> We wish it had been a Catholic who wrote the book on *Canon Law in Pre-Reformation England*, produced by Professor Maitland. Mr. O. B. Watkin, not a Catholic, has written on the history of Confession, and Dr. Wickham Legg on St. Thomas, which books we so far have not equalled, full of mistakes as they may be. They are fuller still of real erudition, and now that they exist, it will be difficult to find room for other equally large, and more satisfactory, works on the same subject. One always feels rather sheepish when people say: "What have you got to compare with *that*? If you criticize, and justly criticize, these books, why do you not write something better, and write it first? After all, topics like St. Thomas and the Sacraments are your property, or you claim that they are." We have plenty of sound excuses, but we shall not always have them, and indeed they are becoming less sound.

At the other extreme, we have a good deal of really excellent pamphlet literature. Had Mr. James Britten no other claim upon our gratitude, the pamphlet literature of the C.T.S., stretching over a period of more than thirty years, would suffice to set his name among the few whom the history of Catholicism in England must never forget. That is to say a great deal; but we do not hesitate to say it. Without the work which Mr. Britten has inspired and kept going, we should simply be in quite a different position in this country to-day. And we know that in Belgium, and even in France, not to speak of English-speaking lands, Catholics have profited by the example of the C.T.S. And as for the poverty-stricken, bewildered, ill-equipped countries of Cen-

<sup>1</sup> Thus, if Lagrange's *St. Luc* and *Épître aux Romains* were unknown to and unquoted in Oxford or Cambridge, the disgrace would attach merely to those two Universities.

tral Europe, their gratitude for gifts of C.T.S. literature and their desire to translate, and to imitate, is a remarkable tribute.

But no longer ago than yesterday, March 10th, the following appeal was addressed to us, and we have often heard the equivalent: "For heaven's sake, produce some books that I can read, that I can buy, and that I needn't be ashamed to see upon my table and to show to my friends."

The speaker went to his bookcase and drew out one little book after another which he flung down upon the table, saying: "That's the sort of thing I mean."

They dealt with all sorts of subjects—art, history, athletics even; they were all about 2s. 6d. in price, or anyhow under 5s.; and they were very nice to look at. And if ever he reads this, and recognizes himself, he will have to forgive our saying that he was an average young man . . . not a book-worm; not an intellectualist; not an æsthete.

We are now inclined to come back upon what we seemed at first to say, and to own that intermediate books, that *fully* suit this sort of man—and, when we talk of the average man we mean, emphatically, the average girl too—are very badly needed and are, worse than the others, lacking. After all, the average man and woman are so very numerous. We are sure that most people are slow to visualize numbers! That is why charts are valuable like those that show by means of little coloured squares the relative numbers of men with incomes of above £10,000, or £1,000, or below £100 per annum, and so forth. The numbers of young men and girls, who constitute the mass of the rising generation, who will create the real public opinion, the mental atmosphere, are enormous. They seem to us very badly catered for. The young man quoted above had a rather high standard. He thought that *God and the Supernatural*, edited by Father Cuthbert, was about the level required. He said that that could and would be read by the ordinary thoughtful undergraduate. He could not believe his ears when we told him that the publishers had broken up the type of that book because it was not selling quickly enough. He insisted that the sale would be slow but that it would never stop. Well, if he pitched his ideal higher than we ourselves would be inclined to,<sup>1</sup> we emphatically affirm that Mr. Belloc's *Europe*

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps he was not too optimistic. The by no means high-brow *Oxford Magazine* wrote about that book:

It deserves a warm welcome and a ready sale. . . . The authors have



and the Faith is the sort of book of which we want a great many. No doubt it has faults. Here and there we may disagree with the very thesis of the book itself. But it is the sort of book we need for this sort of reader. So are Sir Bertram Windle's works on the interaction of Revelation and Natural Science. So are Miss E. M. Wilmot-Buxton's historical books. So is Dr. Halliday Sutherland's recent *Birth Control*. America is making great efforts at producing this sort of literature. We acknowledge that there are wants unsupplied by Father Husslein or by Dr. Ryan or by Professor Walsh. But these authors supply a very great want, and a want from which thousands of people suffer who do not experience that other sort of want. We cannot quarrel with authors who supply the want they do experience. We welcome, for example, all the "apologetic" books of Father Martin J. Scott.

We have so far quoted chiefly books which outstrip, sometimes by a good deal, the 5s. limit. We think there is a real need of the smaller but really presentable book. We want a Catholic "Home University Library." May we be allowed to speak for a moment *pro domo*? Our work lies very largely among University students. It has been our privilege to see much, not only of the undergraduates of Oxford and of Cambridge, but of those of practically all other Universities in this island. When we have discussed with them the pros and cons of a Federation of Catholic Societies in the Universities, nothing was expressed with a more unanimous conviction than that one of the first endeavours of such a Federation must be to provide a certain sort of literature. The Federation is now, as our readers know, in existence; and it is in fact contemplating the production of a series of apologetic books at a price of perhaps 2s. 6d. each. These books would indeed form a series, and yet each would be

chosen their readers for themselves; and have shown a real appreciation of those readers' needs. They do not address themselves to professed theologians, nor yet to simple-minded believers; they aim at securing the attention of the well-educated man or woman . . . and on every page, it may be said, they succeed in keeping the reader's mind alert and fully occupied, without straining its efforts beyond the limits within which they would be profitable. [As for the] whole tone and temper of their work, they are unanimous in maintaining the highest possible standard of earnestness, toleration, and fair-mindedness in what they have written. The mature and calm tone which they one and all exhibit is far from being the least attractive feature of the book.

Subsequent criticisms of the matter of the book do not interfere with this recognition that the manner in which they treat that matter is what suits a vast class of average readers.

complete in itself. We may say that we are not unaware that the C.T.S. has in hand large additions to its list of apologetic and expository twopenny pamphlets. We believe that the two series would be far from interfering with one another. In fact, nothing could possibly be of more value than the C.T.S. series as preparatory to the rather longer and fuller books, which in turn would provide readers of the pamphlets means of following up their subjects without plunging them into unmanageable erudition, nor exposing them to unwarranted expense. There are multitudes who have not the leisure to haunt libraries, and library books are not always available and cannot be kept annotated and referred to. On the other side, the C.T.S. pamphlet would be invaluable even to one who had read the longer book as a sort of synopsis which would refresh his memories and keep them orderly. If these two series were to be carefully co-ordinated there need be neither gaps nor overlapping, and expense will be tithed.

This timely development of their produce is, we think, a fine characteristic of those responsible for the C.T.S. Forward Movement.

The Federation of University Societies is already making itself the patron of a different series of books, published at 5s. each, or in more workaday clothes at 2s. 6d. We have continually found that in, roughly, University circles it is assumed, and sometimes openly stated, that Catholics have not thought, may not think, or anyhow do not think. The series, *Catholic Thought and Thinkers*, published by Messrs. Harding and More, aims at showing that Catholics have thought, and what they have thought, and how their thinking has altered the flow of history. This series, then, is only indirectly apologetic. It will quite likely include some "thinkers" not wholly satisfactory from the Catholic point of view, like that very great man, Origen, or Lamménais. So far, besides the introductory volume, it has one on *St. Justin*, showing how a thoroughly Greek-trained mind dealt with Catholic dogma when for the first time they came into contact. This should be followed by one on Tertullian, that we may see what a Latin-trained mind made of the self-same dogma. The inter-clashing of these classes of minds has had lasting effects on all European civilization. Miss E. Wilmot Buxton, F.R.Hist.S., has a volume in the press on *Alcuin*, a hero of thought in the heart of that very period in

which, the current myth insists, no one thought at all. Mr. M. Wilkinson, M.A., F.R.Hist.S., has already published his volume on *Erasmus*, a personage who is always cropping up in University history schools, and who is constantly presented as the one genius of his time, hostile "of course" to the Catholic Faith, and a friend of the Reformers. This is untrue, and it is a relief to a Catholic student to have that falsehood disproved. The series hopes soon to include a volume on Pascal, a genius quite as important as Erasmus, and no less exasperatingly misquoted. A volume on Solovief, too, has been completed, showing how a modern Russian-trained mind reacted to the Catholic Faith—a thinker whom Father d'Herbigny, S.J., has not hesitated to call "The Russian Newman." Other volumes, *e.g.*, on Bellarmine, Boethius, St. Anselm, More, Wilfrid Ward, are in contemplation. Such a series is, we think, likely to be useful apologetically just because it is not written directly as apologetic, but as an objective historical survey and estimate of individual thinkers, their thought, and its effects. But it is only *one* of the various series we can imagine, *all necessary* if the average young man and woman are to be equipped with a literature suited to their special and anxious need.

As transition to what we want to speak of in the last place, may we say that the whole question of the right subjects for Catholic writers to undertake to tackle, needs very careful thought?

An isolated worker like the late Father Thomas Gerrard, though perhaps his books did not satisfy everybody, had surely a keen *flair* for work that needed doing. And, of course, an organization like the C.S.G. has an unerring eye for the right subject within its own department. But in general we have come to realize that controversy is less and less needed nowadays, least of all the Anglican controversy. That controversy has in any case shifted its ground, even since Benson wrote; for the very many, *The Religion of the Plain Man* would be off the point. The Oxford man is left, nowadays, unstirred by Newman's *Apologia*. It is true we need experts, like Mgr. Barnes, Father R. Knox and Father L. J. Walker, to do what is necessary—and their work is very necessary; in fact, they are not least needed, if we may say so, in order to impress a true judgment about the religious status of this country upon foreigners. The Continent still tends to imagine that there is an Anglican

doctrine, or even that England is predominantly Anglican. . . . O to have done with that hallucination! Half our time, during a recent visit to France, went in explaining that England was neither Anglican nor Protestant.

But as we said at the outset, "England" is *not* either "church" or "chapel." Belief in God, and in the divine Moral Law, are volatilized; and as for belief in our Lord, I will re-quote two lines of conversation I had lately with an honest, likeable and well-living tradesman.

He said: "I reckon I am a religious man." I answered: "Then what is your opinion about Jesus Christ?" He said: "Oh, I don't have time to go in for all *them* details."

Our Lord, on whom life hinges, on whom eternal welfare depends, had become, in this average man's mind, a "detail," to be "gone in for" by people with time on their hands!

But in this atmosphere, not only does the country live, but in it Catholics are brought up, or at least "have their being." Whatever their education, into that atmosphere all, save enclosed religious, are plunged. The more we believe in, and preach, the desirability of Catholic atmosphere in our schools, the more must we realize the *importance* of "atmosphere" anywhere. And the *inevitable* atmosphere, later, is non-Catholic. Constructive work, strong exposition, the message they are aching for must be put forth in the interests of all, of Catholics no less than the rest. In thousands of cases the parents had the Faith, strongly; their children have it weakly; what about *their* children? Can the weak-faithed impart it strongly?

This, then, is the situation we must cater for. Do we, on the whole, cater for it? Lately we spoke of it to a group of Anglican clergymen. They said, sadly: "We are too occupied with necessary parish jobs to be able to get a wide view like that. We dare not be too occupied with that which is no longer bread . . . !"

As for us Catholics, we must be right as to what we talk about. We must be right as to how we talk about it.

It is easy to write orthodox books in the language which will be understood by the tiny minority of a minority housed by our seminaries. It is easy, alas, to write unorthodox books which will sell by the thousand. It is very difficult to write what is orthodox, warp and woof, and yet is said in the way in which people, not brought up in seminaries, nor even in Catholic schools, think and talk. Yet that is our duty, stern and unmistakable. Duty pointing down paths full of pit-

falls; for we have not only not to go wrong, but not to seem to go wrong. Yet, just as if we talk so as to be easily understood by technical professors or students of our traditional books, we shall be understood by no one else; so, if we talk in the way in which our contemporaries talk, and which alone they can understand, we shall be in danger of being misunderstood by our own people. Our writers, our prophets, must be persons who are recognized as unimpeachable in orthodoxy—the very smell of the modernist fire should not so much as pass over them—and yet they must be understood by people who use formulas of thought and phrase that are *quite new* and not even what they were ten years ago, let alone fifty.<sup>1</sup>

In a mixed audience, how hard just to use the word Faith. You are always taken to mean "blind faith"—something essentially unintelligent. Or the word Supernatural. It is taken to mean ghostly, or above the average, or mysterious, or just odd. The Anglicans have taught us that you cannot even allude to the Divinity of Christ without explaining yourself. If you mention the Fall, you are assumed to imply that Adam knew higher mathematics and French cookery: was "highly civilized," anyhow. And Original Sin is supposed to mean primarily a taint in human nature, and Immaculate Conception stands for Virgin Birth. Even phrases like "to *have* a devotion to"; "*sensible* consolation"; "*a mortified* man," are puzzling to the average non-Catholic, and are not found on the lips of the average Catholic, perhaps. Some words, then, have been forgotten and others never learnt, and others have been invented.

But it goes much deeper than words. Minds are not willing to accept certain *sorts* of things, or certain things *only*, nor anything said in a certain sort of way. Who can honestly deny that the old sort of Life of a Saint is unconvincing even to a boy or girl, ready to submit as a rule to anything? A very eminent French ecclesiastic, on whom the smell of that "fire" of Modernism most certainly has not passed, said to us lately that he did not know whether the Lives of the Saints he had read at school had not done him more harm than good. They had seemed to him unreal. We have mentioned Lives of Saints first, because we think the

<sup>1</sup> I quote St. Ignatius of Loyola's words: "Let them also exercise themselves in setting forth sermons and sacred lectures [instructions] in a way which suits the edification of the people—it is different from the scholastic way—; and in view of fulfilling this duty let them try hard to learn the ordinary speech of the people properly." Our "vernacular" is not merely English, but the contemporary and the habitually spoken English.

modern need is realized, and a very fine effort is being made. The Notre Dame series of Saints' Lives is a very great advance already. And so are the "Lives" by Madame Forbes. The books look nice, and on the whole they are written in the language that the readers talk. And the Saint is not left purely preternatural. He is studied in his epoch, in his environment; he is shown to be human too; and to have done a human work in the world. Is he rationalized? Most certainly not. Is he de-supernaturalized? Please God, no whit. But he is made alive, and accessible to living people. He is not merely supernatural, but human too. Would, once more, that Miss E. K. Sanders were a Catholic! Then her St. Vincent de Paul, her St. Jane de Chantal, would be perfect.

The same, in due measure, applies to prayer-books. May it some day apply to hymns! The Founder of the K.B.S. has made a real effort to supply his "Knights" and "Handmaids" with prayers in which the lips speak what the heart feels and the mind thinks.

A real preoccupation is noticeable, owing to which writers are trying to avoid turns of phrase which do not come natural to the reader, even in books directly on doctrinal subjects.<sup>1</sup> The book alluded to above, *God and the Supernatural*, tried, as we showed, to avoid such technicalities, and was criticized by some for doing so. But it would have failed of its purpose had it been unintelligible, though it would have failed worse if it were doctrinally wrong. But its aim, to make intelligible Catholic dogma to readers who have not the slightest idea of what Catholic dogma is, and who are quite ignorant of the whole language in which Catholic dogma is ideally expressed for those accustomed to technical theology, was a right aim. The task is so delicate and difficult a one that any writer is almost bound to make a lot of slips, or to do it badly; yet it must be tried. *Caritas Christi urget*. How else carry the Message home?

If it be said that we are optimist; that the land is indifferent; that people don't want religion, nor religious books—well, granted it is true, which is to grant what we cannot quite admit—*why* are they indifferent? Partly because of the detestable legacy of the Reformation, which abolished the authoritative help needed, in practice, by mankind; and left man to fight out for himself what he ought to have been

<sup>1</sup> The anxiety, so widely felt, as to how Catechism is to be taught to children, is a proof of that. *Religion in Schools* (C.T.S.: 1s. 6d.), by Father Drinkwater, and every number of the *Sower*, for example, indicate what we mean.



taught, so that he has given up in despair a task he was never meant to undertake. But also—for we simply must not put everything on to the shoulders of our unlucky foes—because religious folks have allowed religion to become thoroughly uninteresting, out of touch with reality.<sup>1</sup> To the outsider, "chapel" stands as the very symbol, if not of hypocrisy, at least of conventional respectability; "church" is the affair of a caste. The very voice, the dialect, associated with religion, have become susceptible—easily susceptible—of caricature. The result is that the ideas put forward cannot be taken over in the shape of ideals, and therefore do not *move*. They leave the hearer cold. We dare not leave folks cold. But not rhetoric will enflame them! Only reality can stir the real. Let us confront our generation with what it recognizes as real. And the real is often amusing. Let us not hesitate, then, to amuse, if we can! Here is the rôle of the novel. May all English history, some day, be accessible in the shape of skilful, colourful, amusing Catholic novels.

We have then to picture to ourselves millions of young men and young women, students, clerks, working-folk; yes, average folks by the million, and most of them tired. All of them hungering for the Message. And if they say they don't, if they think they are content with the loafing, the flirting, the pictures, the Sunday press, they do not know themselves; they unconsciously bluff themselves; they are not *being met* at the hours when their true selves are near the surface and accessible; so they are lonely really just in proportion as they think themselves satisfied; and they claim from us the uneasy task, the riskful labour, the probable misinterpretation, the readiness to get into hot water rather than the readiness to throw the cold, the saying, in fine, of what they will understand and in their hearts will like, without the abating by one jot or tittle of our God-given, Church-guarded Message.

One sigh. . . . Would that St. Francis Xavier had been a novelist! He was so good at "going in by their door" in order to come out by his own!

C. C. MARTINDALE.

<sup>1</sup> We lately asked an excellent non-Catholic for some definite information concerning dates and places. We were answered: "Mr. X. was zealous *for the truth that is in Christ* in so far as he knew it. . . ."

Let us recall and recommend as most useful for our purpose a booklet published in 1905, yet still obtainable from C.T.S. for 6d., called *Fortifying the Layman*, wherein Father E. R. Hull analyses with great skill the point we are insisting on, and suggests appropriate remedies.

## PAPAL "TRADITIONS"

THE admirable "Calendar of Entries in the Papal Letters relating to Great Britain and Ireland," issued by His Majesty's Stationery Office, has now reached its eleventh volume (1455 to 1464).<sup>1</sup> Begun some thirty years ago by the late Mr. W. H. Bliss, the series has been carried on with ever increasing efficiency by Mr. J. A. Twemlow, who long resided in Rome, devoting himself to the patient scrutiny of the innumerable volumes of Pontifical letter-books preserved in the archives of the Vatican. The calendars thus published have proved a mine of valuable information regarding the relations of the Holy See with the Sovereigns, the Church and the people of England, while they provide at the same time a number of most interesting side-lights upon the domestic and religious life of our mediæval ancestors. It would be in every way deplorable if this work should be cut short by some injudicious scheme of financial retrenchment just at the moment when it is within measurable distance of completion and when those concerned in the undertaking have acquired by years of laborious experience that very special knowledge of the technicalities of the papal chancery which enormously facilitates the progress of their task.

But the particular point which I propose to discuss here, and which has been suggested by an examination of the volume just issued, is the question of the ratification in these papal letters of certain beliefs and legends of which mention is from time to time made in their contents. When a petition was addressed to the Holy See asking for a grant of indulgence or some other analogous privilege, are we to suppose that the concession of the favour so demanded involved any recognition of the historical character of the facts which were alleged in the application, and which from thence were in many cases embodied in the wording of the papal letter itself? An illustration or two will help to make my meaning clear. In the year 1354, King Edward III., who about this period was very interested in the foundation of the Order of the Garter and the erection of St. George's Chapel at Windsor, petitioned the Holy See to grant an indulgence of three

<sup>1</sup> London, published by His Majesty's Stationery Office, 1921.

years and three quarantines to those who paid their devotions there on certain specified festivals, pressing his request, so the summary states—

on account of the great devotion which he has to increase divine worship in the royal chapel of Windsor, in which he has endowed a college of a warden and 24 canons and as many poor Knights, and in whose chapel there is a cross, adorned with gems, from the wood of the Saviour's cross, a piece of great length which St. Helen brought with her own hands and destined for Britain, now called England; the King having been born and proposing to be buried in the said castle.<sup>1</sup>

The petition was not completely granted by the Holy See. An indulgence of two years and two quarantines was conceded instead of the three asked for; but in the papal letter sent in reply it is stated that in the chapel on which this favour is bestowed "there is a cross of great length of the wood of the true cross brought by St. Helen."<sup>2</sup> As we have only a summary in the calendar, I do not know the exact terms of the papal rescript, but it is probable that the Pope repeats the statement that St. Helen brought this large relic with her own hands and destined it for England. But in any case the question arises: Is this to be regarded as a pontifical attestation of the authenticity of the relic and of the legend that it was brought to England by St. Helen herself?

It is not often that we possess, as in this case, a printed record of both petition and reply. For the most part we have only the papal letter, as in the following concession of indulgence to the church of the Augustinian Canons at Mottisfont—

in which church also [so the Pope states] are very many most precious relics of saints, including the finger of St. John Baptist with which he pointed to the Saviour of the human race, to which church on account of frequent miracles which the Most High has often deigned to work there by the intercession of the said saints, a multitude of people resorts at times for the sake of pilgrimage and devotion, and which church as the result of an earthquake and other disasters with which those parts and especially the said church and its houses and habitations were previously shaken, is greatly crushed and loosened and ruinous, and is in need of great and costly repair in respect of the said

<sup>1</sup> *Calendar of Papal Registers, Petitions*, Vol. I. p. 205.

<sup>2</sup> *Calendar of Papal Registers*, Vol. III. p. 523.

buildings, which are going to ruin, for the making of which repair the priory's own resources are insufficient.<sup>1</sup>

No one, I submit, can seriously maintain that Pope Calixtus III., in whose name this letter was dispatched on June 10, 1457, had been at pains to examine into the question and had satisfied himself that the supposed relic was really the forefinger of St. John the Baptist. The allegations of the petitioners were evidently reproduced just as they appeared in the application forwarded to Rome. Generally, in recounting such details, a qualifying clause was added—*sicut in petitione tua continetur* (as is set out in your petition), or *ut pie creditur* (as is piously believed), or *ut fama refert* (as report declares), but these limitations were in some few cases omitted either from carelessness, or through a conviction that such formalities were unnecessary, since no one could suppose that the Pope meant to pronounce on the question of fact. In the letter just quoted an indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines was granted on some twelve or fourteen of the principal feasts of the year to all who visited the church and contributed to the building fund; there were also special faculties conceded to confessors, and the privileges thus bestowed were to hold good for a period of twenty years. A similar grant was made by Pope Eugenius IV. in 1438 to those who on stated days visit and give alms to the church of the Cistercian monastery of Hayles, in the diocese of Worcester, "in which a certain drop (*quædam portiuncula sive gutta*) of the most precious Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ is said to be honourably kept."<sup>2</sup> There are notable difficulties, as theologians know, about the attestation of any supposed relic of the Precious Blood; but it would be even harder to suppose that Pope Boniface IX. in 1401 meant to guarantee the authenticity of the facts recited in his letter to the Cluniac monastery of Bromholm in Norfolk where "a considerable piece" of the true cross was preserved, regarding which we are told that "it happens at times that some, their sins, it is presumed, being the cause, are unable perfectly to look upon the said piece, thereby sometimes incurring

<sup>1</sup> *Calendar of Papal Registers*, Vol. XI. p. 146.

<sup>2</sup> *Papal Regesta*, Vol. IX. p. 38. This relic is one repeatedly held up to ridicule in Fox's *Acts and Monuments*. He quotes certain ribald verses:

"To the holy blood of Hayles, with your fingers and nayles,  
All that ye may stretche and wyne;  
Yet it would not be seen, except you were clean,  
'And shryven from all deadly sinne."

infirmities of divers sorts."<sup>1</sup> The impossibility of pronouncing upon the miraculous element in such stories is sufficiently obvious; as also in the following case, when John XXIII. granted an indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines to all who give alms and visit on certain days specified—

the chapel without the west door of the church of the Cistercian monastery of St. Mary the Virgin, Tintern, in the diocese of Llandaff, and give alms for the repair and decoration of its buildings and ornaments, in which chapel a picture (*ymago*) of St. Mary the Virgin has been fairly and honestly and devoutly placed (*collocata*) and, although the attempt has more than once been made, has been unable to be placed elsewhere, on account of which miracle and because Mass is said daily by the monks at the altar of the said chapel, a very great multitude resorts thither.<sup>2</sup>

There are quite a considerable number of cases to be found in these Regesta in which numerous miracles are declared to be worked at various shrines in Great Britain and Ireland. It would be useless to make a list of them, but as a single illustration it may be sufficient to note that Eugenius IV. in 1442 grants indulgences to the church of Stayner, near Selby, Yorks, "in which there is a picture of our Lady," the Pope adding that "great and innumerable miracles" are wrought there.

I may close the list of these statements of historical fact contained in papal letters and indults by a curious example of a somewhat different kind. It is a rescript issued by Pope Pius II. in 1458, granting indulgences to a religious foundation in London, and as the editor cites in a footnote the Latin text of the historical clauses, the exact wording of this portion, just as it came from the papal chancery, can be reproduced in English. The passage runs thus:

Since therefore, as we have learned (*sicut accepimus*), the house or hospital of St. Thomas the Martyr of Acre, in the city of London in England, of the Order of the Cruciferi, living under the rule of St. Augustine, in virtue of the fact that the same Saint Thomas first saw the light of day on the spot where

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.* Vol. V. p. 432. This Bromholm relic was one of considerable celebrity. It is referred to both in Chaucer and in *Piers the Ploughman*. Matthew Paris (III. 80) gives a long account of its coming to England. See the *Victoria County History, Norfolk*, Vol. II. pp. 361—362. As suggested in the last footnote regarding the Blood of Hayles, it was believed that only those who were in proper dispositions could see the relic clearly.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* Vol. VI. p. 452, John XXIII. 1413.

the church of the said house or hospital has been built, and on a Tuesday fled away and set out on his journey to the mother city of Rome, and on his return home from the Apostolic See landed in England on a Tuesday, and also on a Tuesday, when he was at Pontigny in the diocese of Sens, our Lord appeared to him with the words "In thy blood shall My Church be glorified," and on a Tuesday the princes sat down against him, and on a Tuesday he was martyred, and Tuesday was the day of his translation, and in the said house or hospital he is honoured with great devotion, and in the contemplation of his glory not only are the divine offices celebrated becomingly day by day, but very many works of virtue and charity are there practised, and the said church is greatly resorted to and crowded by the faithful—We therefore, etc.<sup>1</sup>

This long and involved sentence as it stands in the Register is incapable of strict grammatical analysis, but the Pontiff goes on to grant indulgences to those who visit or give an alms to the church especially on certain specified Tuesdays. The belief that Tuesday was a critical day in the Saint's career may be traced back to his first biographers and to Cardinal Langton, but St. Thomas, when he fled from England during his episcopate, did not, as Pope Pius here states, go to Rome, neither did his flight take place upon a Tuesday.<sup>2</sup> Clearly, as indeed the clause *sicut accepimus* implies, the Pontiff had made no attempt to investigate the matter. He was content to reproduce the facts just as they were presented in the petition submitted to him.

If I have quoted these examples at perhaps excessive length, it is because such illustrations of the procedure of the Roman chancery have a not unimportant bearing upon the origin of what have sometimes been called papal or pontifical "traditions." To many it is apt to seem a presumptuous thing to call in question the historical value of the utterances of the Holy See concerning the authenticity of relics, the antiquity of religious Orders and ceremonies, or the origin of practices of devotion. Such pronouncements, according to the view of a representative of this school, the late Father George E. Phillips, "ought necessarily to be to Catholics of paramount importance, both on account of the supreme authority attaching to the verdict of Christ's

<sup>1</sup> *Calendar of Papal Registers*, Vol. XI. pp. 515—516.

<sup>2</sup> See Father Morris, *Life of St. Thomas Becket*, 2nd ed., p. 194 note, and p. 471 note.



Vicar, and of the special guidance believed ordinarily to attend his action; to say nothing of the proverbial caution observed in his pronouncements."<sup>1</sup> If, however, we may trust the judgment of the more critical school of Catholic historians, there has not been any exceptional exercise of caution on the part of the Holy See in the drafting of such documents, precisely because the framers themselves did not look upon them as deciding the question of fact where historical matters were touched upon. The usual practice was to adopt the petitioner's statement exactly as it was presented in the request which he submitted to the Holy See,<sup>2</sup> and though it was the rule in the majority of cases to insert at first some qualifying clause, *e.g.*, "as tradition affirms," "as is commonly believed," etc., still in later rescripts, confirming a previous utterance, it constantly happened that these limitations dropped out. If it could be shown that any sort of historical investigation had meanwhile taken place, or that fresh evidence had been produced by the petitioners, such suppressions might be significant. But everything points to the conclusion that in the eyes of ecclesiastical authority at the close of the Middle Ages and during the Renaissance period a pious legend was presumed to be true until its falsehood was demonstrated. The mere fact that an assertion had been made in a previous papal document, that devotion had apparently been augmented thereby and that no one had risen up to contradict it, was held to warrant a still more unconditional affirmation of some historical or quasi-historical point which, on the whole, was conceived of as making for edification. The example of the papal pronouncements in favour of the miraculous aerial translation of the Santa Casa from the Holy Land to Loreto is of particular interest in this connection, and it will not be waste of time to examine one or two of the texts connected with it.

<sup>1</sup> G. E. Phillips, *Loreto and the Holy House*, p. 145.

<sup>2</sup> A rather astonishing relic which was believed to exist in many different places and was venerated in each place with much devotion, notably in the Sancta Sanctorum of the Lateran, at Coulombs, at Antwerp, at Charroux, at Calcata near Viterbo, and elsewhere, has several times been honoured at these different shrines by papal grants of indulgence. For example, we have a brief of Eugenius IV. to Antwerp: "Cum igitur, sicut exhibita nobis . . . petitio continebat, in capella, prope cuius altare in ecclesia predicta, Praeputium Dominicum honorifice conservari dicitur, etc." This brief was issued in 1446, and it was confirmed with fresh indulgences by Clement VIII. in 1599. On the other hand the Calcata relic claims to have been similarly favoured by briefs of Sixtus V., Urban VIII., Alexander VII., Benedict XIII., etc. Cf. H. Grisar, S.J., *Die römische Kapelle Sancta Sanctorum und ihr Schatz* (1908), pp. 92—96.

In the first Bull which is appealed to as vouching for the miraculous origin of the Loreto chapel we find Pope Paul II. in 1470 speaking as follows:

Desiring to show our veneration for the church of Blessed Mary of Loreto miraculously founded (*miraculose fundatam*) in honour of the same most holy Virgin, outside the walls of Recanati, in which as the statements of persons worthy of credit attest, and as all the faithful may ascertain for themselves, an image of the glorious Virgin, through the wondrous mercy of God, has been deposited, attended by a troop of angels, and to which (church) by reason of the countless stupendous miracles which the Most High through her intercession has worked for all who devoutly have recourse to her and humbly implore her patronage vast crowds of people throng,<sup>1</sup> etc.

It is, of course, most remarkable that no hint is conveyed that this chapel, to which there was such a concourse of devout pilgrims, was really the holy house of Nazareth in which the Word had been made flesh. It was the statue escorted by angels which had been deposited there which occupied the first place in the writer's thought. For the rest, we have in this document only a temporary grant of large indulgences to those who contribute to the fabric of the new church or to its adornment. It is necessary to wait until 1507 before we find the whole legend as elaborated by Teramano enshrined in a papal Bull. In that year, Pope Julius II., in a *motu proprio*, exempted Loreto, after the death of Jerome della Rovere, Bishop of Recanati, from all extern jurisdiction, and proceeds as follows:

The Bishop Jerome having thus paid the debt of nature, We, observing that in the aforesaid church of Loreto there is not only the statue of the Blessed Virgin which has been transported there but also, as is piously believed and report declares (*ut pie creditur et fama est*), the room or chamber in which the most blessed Virgin herself was conceived, where she was brought up, where at the Angel's greeting she conceived by a word the Saviour of all time, where she, with her most chaste breasts filled with heavenly milk, suckled and reared this her first-born Son, where she was quietly absorbed in prayer when from out of this wicked world she was taken up to the skies, the room also which the holy apostles first consecrated to serve as a church in honour of God and the same Blessed Virgin, where Mass was for the

<sup>1</sup> The full Latin text may be found in Hüffer, *Loreto, eine geschichtskritische Untersuchung*, Vol. I. p. 245.

first time celebrated—having been brought out of Bethlehem (!) by the hands of angels to the regions of Slavonia first, at the place called Fiume, and then further carried by the same angelic transport to the forest of the Lady Laureta, a devout client of the same holy Virgin, and thence in due course out of the forest on account of the murders and other crimes perpetrated there to the hill of the two brothers, and finally, because of the feuds and strife between them, transferred to the public highway in the territory of Recanati.<sup>1</sup>

It will be noticed that Julius II., while adopting the whole legend of Teramano, shelters himself behind the clause "as is piously believed and report declares"; moreover, this qualification continues to appear in more than one subsequent papal document. Thus when the story is again outlined in the Bull of Leo X. (August, 1518) we find the phrase "as is established by the testimony of men worthy of credit," and in another Bull of Paul III. (of February, 1535), the limiting clause of Julius II. reappears. But soon all such safeguards were discarded. Sixtus V., in a Bull of 1586, without any reserves, describes the town of Loreto as most celebrated throughout the world, and goes on to speak of its great church "in the midst of which is found that sacred chamber consecrated to the divine mysteries, in which Mary the Virgin was born and in which at the angel's greeting she by the Holy Ghost conceived the Saviour of the world, the which chamber was brought thither by the ministry of angels." Writing in 1868, the late Dr. Northcote affirmed that forty-four different Popes had in documents issued with more or less of solemnity confirmed the tradition of the aerial translation of the Santa Casa. Neither can it be said that it is the pontiffs of our own more enlightened age who have been least explicit in their pronouncements. It may be sufficient to quote the first paragraph of the Apostolic Letter written by Pope Leo XIII. in 1894 on the occasion of the sixth centenary of the translation:

The happy House of Nazareth—where, at the salutation of the Angel addressed to the chosen Mother of God, *the Word was made Flesh*—is justly regarded and honoured as one of the most sacred monuments of the Christian Faith; and this appears clear from the many diplomas and acts, gifts and privileges accorded by Our predecessors. No sooner was it, as the annals of the

<sup>1</sup> The Latin text may be found in Rinieri, *La Santa Casa di Loreto*, Vol. III. p. 306.

church bear witness, brought over miraculously into Italy, in pursuance of a most benign counsel of God, and exposed to the veneration of the faithful on the hills of Loreto, in the March of Ancona, than it drew to itself the fervent devotion and aspiration of all, and, as the ages rolled on, it maintained this devotion ever ardent.<sup>1</sup>

In the face, then, of such an array of papal authentications, is it not presumptuous and irreverent to disregard these utterances of the Holy See? Are we free to maintain that the evidence under the scrutiny of modern historical criticism is inadequate to win acceptance for the pious beliefs which ecclesiastical authority still approves? The answer to this question seems to me to lie in the attitude, *i.e.*, the public utterances and writings, of Catholic scholars whose sincerity and loyalty to the Holy See are manifestly above suspicion. As to the verdict of the more learned organs of Catholic thought there cannot be the shadow of a doubt. The great Catholic Encyclopædia of Germany, Herder's *Konversations-Lexikon*, which in 1907 was specially honoured by a letter of commendation from Pope Pius X., speaks of the Loreto tradition in no ambiguous terms. The story is there presented as a mere legend which grew out of the fact that the statue of Our Lady found in the little church of Loreto had been brought from the other side of the Adriatic. The *Kirchliches Handlexikon*, edited by Buchberger and contributed to by eminent ecclesiastics and religious from every part of Germany, is equally emphatic in the same sense. The *Catholic Encyclopædia* I cannot quote as I am myself responsible for the article concerned, but, as I have there indicated in some detail, the leading Catholic reviews of every European country, many of them under ecclesiastical control, are practically unanimous in the support which they have consistently lent Canon Chevalier in his indictment of the legend of the translation. Of one of these I must speak a little more at length. In the *Revue Biblique*, published by the Dominican Fathers, an appreciation of Chevalier's *Notre Dame de Lorette*, which rightly or wrongly was commonly attributed to Père Lagrange, O.P., appeared in the volume for 1907. In the course of his remarks the writer says, speaking of the Loreto tradition:

Those who cannot find their way through the labyrinth of textual

<sup>1</sup> I borrow this translation from W. Garratt, *Loreto the New Nazareth*, 1895, p. 183.

criticism are specially influenced by two arguments. How can anyone have had the audacity to invent such an extravagant story? and secondly how can the Catholic Church have accepted it without solid proof? Now what we must never grow tired of repeating, for the matter is one that involves the dignity of the Holy See, is that in point of fact in the first instance it never pronounced any judgment regarding the miracle of the translation at all. When these things take their rise there is only a too great readiness to embody in a brief or rescript any number of purposeless cock-and-bull stories (*des racontars sans portée*), but the insertion of these things is at any rate accompanied by some such formal qualification as *ut pie creditur et fama est* (as is piously believed and as report says). We have in mind, of course, the bull of Julius II. [quoted above] which is the starting point of all the others.

The writer then proceeds to quote and comment upon the passage of the Bull of Julius II. already printed above. He contends that in view of the dependence of the Bull upon Teramano it is impossible to regard all these extravagant details as affirmed by the Holy See.

But [he goes on] are we to say that the Pope guarantees the substance but not the details of the story? Surely it is evident that reference is made to the legend just as Teramano had printed it. If, however, the qualifying clause of Julius II. disappears in subsequent bulls, that does not prove that better and more reliable information had been obtained at a later date. For even in Julius II.'s time people were satisfied that they knew the period of the translation and had fixed it at the end of the 13th century. Two centuries had already elapsed which prevented the Pontiff from basing his utterance on anything better than pious belief and common report. How could the situation have improved for the better at a later time, and how can we put any confidence in a report which was so prodigiously fertile in inventions? The mere adhesion of the faithful to the legend does not change the essential fact. We cannot, then, say that the origin is lost in the mist of ages and that, like every genuine tradition, it is already in possession. On the contrary, we can in fact trace every stage in its development. First the sanctuary becomes famous for the miracles wrought there, then it is said that it is "miraculously founded" and that it possesses a statue which came there escorted by a crowd of angels, but finally we have the whole legend of the translation as Julius II. recounts it in 1507.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Revue Biblique*, Vol. IV. (1907), pp. 458—459.

The argumentation may not in all respects be clear, but this at least is plain from the whole context of the review, that the Dominican writer finds no difficulty at all in setting aside the long succession of papal commendations of Loreto and the numerous declarations by some of the most holy and learned of the successors of St. Peter, authenticating the Santa Casa as the home of the Holy Family and the scene of the Incarnation of the Son of God. But if this is conceded in the case of the Loreto legend, it seems very difficult to understand why the pontifical "traditions" connected with the Rosary,<sup>1</sup> or with the Scapular, or with the Holy Shroud of Turin, should be more exempt from criticism. The cases are precisely analogous. The tradition is not an immemorial tradition lost in the mist of ages. We can trace its starting point and follow up the whole course of its development, as the clauses *ut pie creditur, ut fama fert*, gradually drop away and the doubtful, by dint of mere repetition, is treated as a certainty.

HERBERT THURSTON.

<sup>1</sup> The earlier papal pronouncements on the Rosary exhibit the same qualifying clauses as we find in the case of Loreto. For instance, Leo X., on Oct. 4, 1520, begins his concession of indulgences: "Sane pro parte dilectorum filiorum Prioris et Fratrum Prædicatorum domus Coloniensis nuper exhibita petitio continebat quod olim prout in historiis legitur a Sancto Dominico quædam Confraternitas instituta fuit," etc. In other words, he takes the facts, without questioning, from the statement in the petition addressed to him.



# MISCELLANEA

## I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

### A NEW PHASE IN THE "FORWARD MOVEMENT."

THE fact that the Catholic Truth Society has in this March quarter moved into premises at 72, Victoria Street, which will not only be its permanent home for some time to come, but which will also combine, as has never before been done, all its central activities under one roof, marks a distinct stage in the present organized attempt to restore England to the Faith. This aim, of course, is no new thing in the history of English Catholicism, but it has derived new vigour from the needs and opportunities created by after-war conditions, and has won for itself the appropriate name of "The Forward Movement." We say it is no new thing, because there never was a moment since the lamentable outbreak of the Reformation when the Church's children, ecclesiastical and lay, were not trying to repair the damage done, and, especially since the revival of Catholicism in the last century, with its great landmarks of Catholic emancipation and the restoration of the Hierarchy, the desire to preserve and to spread the knowledge of the true religion, has inspired the faithful to the formation of many societies directed to this end. Of these the Catholic Truth Society is one of the earliest, and is at present probably the best known as its scope is the widest. Naturally enough, it like the rest, has reacted vigorously to the demands of the time and is endeavouring to intensify and extend its normal operations in order to cope with the enormous possibilities now open to it. Although what may be called its G.H.Q. are in London, as they always have been, the Society of its own nature is not a London or diocesan organization, but has members and branches all over the country, and amongst its ideals is the institution of offices, similar to those now being established at Westminster, in every important town. As we have said, all its London activities will now be practically concentrated under one roof. At 72, Victoria Street, as any visitor may learn, two large, well-lighted ground-floor rooms, facing the street, will form the retail department, where not only C.T.S. publications, but also other Catholic works may be seen and purchased.

On that floor and on the one above there are rooms for the Secretariat, Editor, Organizing Secretaries, Committee Meetings, Reference Library, Information Bureau, etc., etc., whilst the stock will be stored in commodious basements within easy reach of the apartments assigned to the wholesale distribution staff. These offices form the new material equipment of the C.T.S. Its establishment in such excellent premises in a centre so admirable, both from the ecclesiastical and the public point of view, foreshadows a wide extension of its functions, of which the production of Catholic literature, apologetic, devotional, dogmatic, historical, scientific, social, in the shape of cheap tracts, is undoubtedly the chief. This is its main means of reaching those who need to know what the Catholic Church is and what she teaches and practises, and we may hope that the C.T.S. will not rest until for this purpose it has published, in the words of one of its advertisements, a "Catholic Encyclopædia in pamphlet form."

Then with the aid of its branches, its organizing secretaries, and the Catholic public generally, its further task is to see that this literature is distributed all over the country, especially where it is most needed. Herein it will be admirably assisted by the Catholic Missionary Society, the Catholic Evidence Guild, the Guild of Ransom, and similar bodies, which, without derogating from their distinctive origin and government, may be regarded as Catholic Truth in its vocal aspect. One may confidently expect in this connection the revival of that excellent pre-war enterprise, the perambulatory book-barrow.

Furthermore, in this and other centres, there will doubtless develop a literary bureau or source of authentic information regarding all matters connected with the claims and character of the Catholic Church, an authority to which newspapers and periodicals, and their readers, can apply for the solution of problems, the explanation of doctrines, the examination of charges, the refutation of calumnies—work which is already to some extent being accomplished by the Westminster Catholic Federation, and by various writers and speakers throughout the country. The organization of this most necessary means of combating error and satisfying doubt has long been very desirable, both in order to prevent waste of effort and to secure that no serious charge is left unexplained and unanswered. It is the experience of those who have given their attention to this kind of antidotal activity that old, often-

refuted calumnies are constantly reappearing; the value, therefore, of a collection and classification of exposures and impostors, which can be at the disposal of all Catholic apologists, will be obvious.<sup>1</sup> The Vigilance Committee of the Westminster Federation, which is doing such valuable work in this regard, will find its powers extended and its labours diminished by the existence of such a bureau, and the editors of many Catholic papers and periodicals will be able both to give and receive help.

Finally, the Victoria Street centre and the others throughout the country will find congenial occupation in fostering and furthering the movement already existing of making good Catholic literature more easily accessible both to the members of the Church and to those outside. Those admirable institutions, the Catholic Reading Guild, the Bexhill Library, the Catholic Reference Library, and other similar associations, cannot fail to experience the benefit of all this increased activity. We learn, in fact, that the Bexhill Library of 25,000 volumes has come, by gift of its founder, into the possession of the C.T.S., which will henceforth have in its armoury this tremendous weapon for truth and enlightenment, already world-wide in its influence, and that a large section of its books will be available for reference at Victoria Street.

Much of this is still project and promise. The "Forward Movement" has by no means reached its term. It will be some months even before the final transfer of the Southwark Depot to Victoria Street can be accomplished. Meanwhile, we gather from the workers already there that whatever energies can be spared from the necessary work of issuing and distributing the Society's literature are wholly absorbed in the all-important task of increasing membership. On this increase, rather than on incidental donations, the whole future of the movement depends, and it is gratifying to learn that, mainly through the efforts of different special preachers on behalf of the C.T.S., the membership during 1921 was very nearly doubled, whilst in the first quarter of this year about 1,000 new members have joined. But one still feels

<sup>1</sup> The C.T.S. itself in its three volumes of *The Antidote* has at least started this excellent work. But the series could be almost indefinitely extended. The question has often been discussed in these pages: see for instance "A Catholic Subject Index," Jan. 1913; "A Need and How to Supply it," May, 1913; "An Antidotal Paper," June, 1913; "In the Cause of Truth," June, 1918.

that the faithful as a body are not yet alive to the unique importance of this movement. We have frequently pointed out the disproportion between the Catholic population and the membership of the C.T.S. Of the 30,000 which His Eminence the Cardinal has told the Society to aim at, barely one-sixth are so far enrolled. We trust that the great step in advance here hastily sketched will greatly stimulate recruiting, and that then the C.T.S., secure in the financial support of an army of active members, may advance to triumphs and conquests which will put its already great achievement completely in the shade.

J.K.

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 THE TRAIL OF GIBBON.

"THE mediæval monk tested his powers of renunciation by sleeping with virgins." Such is the unqualified statement made not long since by a writer in the *Times Literary Supplement*<sup>1</sup> when reviewing a modern work of fiction. Whether in view of the very casual nature of this utterance it was worth while to challenge it may be matter of opinion, but a representative of the Westminster Catholic Federation having in a courteous letter asked the reviewer for his authorities, he was referred, by way of answer (not printed, but privately written), to "a well-known passage in Gibbon (chap. xv.)." Further, as suggested in a footnote provided by Gibbon himself, the reviewer mentioned that "there is much information about this matter to be found in Bayle's Dictionary, especially under the title 'Fontevraud,' the founder of which institution was charged with commerce with his nuns and defended on the ground that he deliberately exposed himself to the temptation. See also under 'Abelians' and 'Adamites'; and Cyprian's Epistles xxi." To this we may add the answer evoked by another appeal: "I am afraid that we cannot afford the space which you suggest to a subject which, I think, may fairly be called a *matter of common knowledge*"—the italics, of course, are ours. It is this last phrase which seems to us in the name of sober history and of a decent regard for religious ideals which the writer might respect even if he does not share them, to call for emphatic protest. Are we seriously asked to believe,

<sup>1</sup> *Times Literary Supplement*, Jan. 19, 1922, in a review of Lethbridge, *The Crooked Tree*.

as a matter of common knowledge, that "the mediæval monk tested his powers of renunciation by sleeping with virgins"? It is a subject, however, on which we can have no desire to dwell, and our observations will therefore be as brief as is consistent with clearness.

To begin with, the passage in Gibbon has absolutely nothing to do with mediæval monks. He is dealing with a period before monasticism existed and his sole authority is a single letter of St. Cyprian, to which, unlike the reviewer, he gives a correct reference, viz. Ep. iv.<sup>1</sup> Cyprian condemns in the strongest terms the behaviour of certain consecrated virgins who had presumed overmuch upon their virtue,<sup>2</sup> and he directs that this abuse must stop at once under pain of excommunication. Neither does he hesitate to hint very strongly that their pretended test of virtue was the shallowest pretext for wantonness. As for the "Abelians" and "Adamites," dealt with, like Fontevraud, in the pages of Bayle's Dictionary, these were heretics of whose practices extremely little is known. To treat them as illustrating the observances of monasticism would be just as preposterous as to hold the Catholic Church responsible for all the extravagances in neglecting medical aid which may have been committed by Faith-healers, Christian Scientists, and the whole class of modern freak religions.

There remains the single case of Robert of Arbrissel, the founder of Fontevraud. It was part of his original plan to establish double monasteries, whose monks and nuns, though most strictly separated, lived in adjacent buildings. Robert was a man of fervent, and possibly, on occasions of extravagant zeal. His unsparing denunciation of crime and the efforts he made to rescue fallen women must have made him many enemies. We know from a letter of Abelard that the heretic Roscelinus fabricated a letter attacking Robert in some disgraceful way. It is probable that this very forgery is that which is quoted by Bayle under the name of Marbodius. Cardinal Geoffrey of Vendôme apparently heard the rumours circulated by these means and wrote the admonition of which

<sup>1</sup> Cyprian's letters have been differently numbered, but at no time was Ep. 4 counted as Ep. 21. I quote Smith's Edition of Gibbon (1854) II., p. 181.

<sup>2</sup> The letter begins " (postulas) ut tibi rescriberemus quid nobis de his virginibus videatur quæ cum semel statum suum continenter et firmiter tenere decreverint detectæ sint postea in eodem lecto pariter mansisse cum masculis, ex quibus unum diaconum esse (dicis); plane easdem quæ se cum viris dormisse confessæ sint adseverare integras esse." Hartel, Cypriani *Opera*, I. p. 473.

Bayle's mordant pen has made such cynical use.<sup>1</sup> But two things are certain; first, that in spite of this warning—a very temperately expressed warning, be it noticed—Geoffrey of Vendôme remained until death the firm friend of both Fontevraud and its founder. This can only be explained on the supposition that Robert had been able to clear himself satisfactorily in the Cardinal's eyes from the charges which had thus been made against him. Secondly, it is absolutely beyond question that in the statutes provided for Fontevraud the precautions taken to prevent intercourse of any sort between the brethren and sisters living on the same spot are meticulous to the point even of excess. It is incredible that the man who framed these constitutions and who in so many ways led a life of unremitting austerity, could have been so foolish as to undermine by his own flagrantly evil example the very rule which he enjoined all to observe.

But, in any case, even if every word of the gossip which reached the ears of Geoffrey of Vendôme were true, and if his friend Robert had had the incredible folly to behave as he was charged with doing, there is not a word to suggest that such presumption as his would have met with anything but the severest condemnation in the judgment of all the great religious teachers of the day. To generalize and to represent these extravagances as being a normal experience, looked upon with admiration by fervent ascetics, is an unpardonable misrepresentation. Even had we a dozen such examples instead of this one very doubtful case, they would in no way be sufficient to establish a law.

H. T.

## II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH

### The Russian Famine.

The Godless and brutal tyranny of the Russian Bolsheviks has resulted not only in the material ruin of the country they misgovern but also in checking the help which the world's charity would naturally give to their victims. Hence in spite of the heart-rending advertisements which have long confronted us in the Press, in spite of "Fight the Famine" Committees, and the speeches of Dr. Nansen and other official and accredited eyewitnesses, in spite of the exhortations and example of the late

<sup>1</sup> The phrase "*earum mulierum accubitu novo quodam martyrii genere cruciari*" has been specially satirised by Bayle and through him by Gibbon. See Migne P.L., 162, 1037. Some, like Bollandus, have doubted the authenticity of this letter, but it seems to be genuine.



Holy Father, Benedict XV., a stupendous calamity, which would in ordinary circumstances have called forth a response fully commensurate with its magnitude, has had little effect upon the sympathies of the world. And so the British Government has been able with little sign of popular disapproval to refuse an adequate grant from public funds to the British relief associations at work in the sphere assigned to them. The famine is an Act of God, an exceptionally prolonged and intense drought, the effect of which has of course been intensified by the past and present misgovernment of the country. But reluctance to relieve the famine is the result of the character of the Russian Government which, because of its past truculence, its brigandage and the fantastic follies of its economic experiments, has forfeited all credit with the rest of the world. The secular powers shrink from holding any parley with such enemies of mankind, and much more from doing anything that may consolidate their rule by relieving their difficulties. Yet the starving peasants are not the Russian Government, and, as matters are now arranged, the Soviets have nothing to do with the relief sent from abroad. Nothing political is involved in coming to the rescue of people in such dire need. The exigencies of commerce have already demanded a quasi-recognition of the Bolshevik Government, the peace of Europe will probably necessitate a fuller recognition still,—why should the claims of humanity alone be disregarded? The Americans, who hold more aloof from the Bolsheviks than we do, have voted \$20,000,000 and are administering a district containing some sixteen million destitute inhabitants. To us has been assigned two zones with about two million people to feed, yet the Government boggles about providing the necessary £500,000, offers derelict food-stores to the value of £100,000, and leaves the rest to private charity, with a hope that the wealthy Americans may also do something!

**Need of  
Immediate  
Help.**

That is not a *beau geste* for a great Power even in such economic straits as we are. Private charity in this country has already raised £500,000, and doubtless it will do more, but the need is immediate, and unofficial efforts are slow. What is most wanted is grain, grain for sowing as well as for food, so that the famine may not be prolonged beyond the harvest. If it is, then God help Europe. Behind the humanitarian appeal, there is the stern economic fact, that our own poverty, unrest and distress will continue till Russia is set on her feet again: will grow worse unless she is saved. A lesser outlay might have prevented this disaster. The famine, of which there was ample warning, might have been arrested at the start, if Dr. Nansen's appeal in August last had been heeded. He addressed himself

then to the Assembly of the League of Nations, representing 48 States, and asked for £5,000,000, "the cost of half a battleship," as he phrases it: we can conceive nothing more indicative of the present futility and helplessness of that body than its inability to make any effective response. The 48 States expressed their sympathy and did nothing. The famine came with the winter and claimed and is claiming its millions of victims. We suppose few people now read the Press appeals about the famine, with their ghastly pictures of starving children and adults. We have become callous to their poignancy or perhaps, having little to give, we shrink from harrowing our feelings to no purpose. But the little in this case means very much. A little each from a great multitude makes a great sum. One pound, we are assured, will save a life. Thus, a trifling sacrifice of some unnecessary indulgence, the forgoing of some slight pleasure, will keep a child alive for twenty weeks. As the Government will not help, we can and must tax ourselves.<sup>1</sup>

**A Black Outlook  
and its Cause.**

At no time since the war has the world's moral and material outlook been quite so bad as at present, and the reason is that selfishness, national and industrial, held in check by the common peril, has returned to more than its wonted sway over human counsels. No nation will take the lead in disinterestedness, no class will make the national welfare its first concern. At Washington there was full recognition of the ideal, but the old atmosphere of mistrust and fear made the fruits of the Conference few and shrivelled. About trade disputes we shall say a word presently: the European situation claims attention first. At the beginning of the year, the Supreme Council at Cannes proposed what seemed a measure of the merest common sense, viz., that as the economic situation of Europe had been going from bad to worse ever since the Armistice, the nations of Europe, recognizing their economic interdependence, should gather together and try to devise some means of recovery. Italy proposed Genoa as the meeting-place of this important gathering, the first since the war to include all those concerned, *i.e.*, not only the late combatants, vanquished no less than victors, but the neutrals as well. It was a tardy recognition of the obvious fact, often acknowledged in perorations but hitherto ignored in practice, that the modern economical world is one body, dependent for life and vigour on the free circulation through all its system of money and goods. The war had severed some vital connections and obstructed others, causing the paralysis and gan-

<sup>1</sup> There are various funds open for contributors, two of which we may mention here: "The Russian Famine Relief Fund," General Buildings, Aldwych, W.C. 1, and the "Save the Children Fund," Chairman, Lord Weardale, Room 192a, 42, Langham Street, London, W. 1.

grene of parts and distress to the whole. What more sensible, then, than to seek to restore circulation in the limbs that had become atrophied, to make these members function once more to the benefit of the rest? What, on the other hand, more foolish than to leave those members to rot, on the plea that they deserved punishment? That particular folly has been proverbially stigmatized as "cutting off one's nose to spite one's face," yet consciously or unconsciously those are guilty of it who, for the sake of punitive damages or because of the past crimes of Governments, insist on measures which prolong the sickness of Europe. In the small and loosely organized communities of the past the victors in war might safely recoup themselves for their sacrifices by taking the goods of the vanquished and leaving them destitute. Punishment could thus be inflicted which had no repercussion on the fortunes of the avenger. But that state of affairs has passed away for ever, and it is time that the change was definitely recognized in international dealings. Mr. Lloyd George, who proposed the pan-European Conference on January 6th, showed that he recognized it, but the acceptance of that proposal by the French Premier caused his immediate downfall, whilst an Italian cabinet crisis prevented its assembling at the appointed date. Not only in France but everywhere else opposition to this common-sense peace-move has been mobilized. America holds aloof on the grounds that the Conference must be political, and European politics are no concern of hers. A persistent newspaper campaign, led by *The Times*, against the Conference has been going on in this country, as if anything were better than that Europe should return to the ways of peace and industrial welfare. What is the cause of this strange attitude?

**Shaking Hands  
with Murder.**

The first obstacle is the Bolshevik. Nothing but the direst necessity could induce civilized men to negotiate with such criminals as the leaders of the Soviet Government. It is true that they replaced a ruthless tyranny which respected life and liberty almost as little as they do. But Tzardom at its worst never made such a mock of laws, human and divine, as the visionary fanatics who have seized and hold power in Russia. Their principles are Godless, anarchic, and although of late they have been compelled by force of circumstances to recant their economic heresies and to relax their despotism, they stand before the world stained with countless crimes against God and humanity. Yet they are a Government representing for the time being a great historic people which cannot be reached save through them. Are the millions of Russia to be cut off from the comity of nations and from the means of physical and intellec-

tual life, because the machinery of rule and the channels of intercourse are held in their despite by such polluted hands? Apparently America thinks so, and so does France—a Government which does not scruple when convenient to “shake hands with” the Turk, who in one sense at least is brother in blood to the Bolshevik and has a longer record of crime to his discredit. Yet if Europe is to recover from the war, if Russia is to be restored to economic life, there is nothing for it but to sit in conference with the Soviet representatives. The other nations, in view of the declared principles of the Bolsheviks, are fully justified in insisting on preliminary guarantees, such as were fully and clearly set forth in the text of the Cannes resolution. No doubt, the recognition thus given to the Bolsheviks will have the effect of strengthening their position for the time, but it is a position so inherently unstable that no amount of recognition could make it permanent. The Soviet has abandoned Marxian economics, and Marxian politics must follow suit.

**The  
League of Nations  
ignored.**

The programme set forth at Cannes included amongst the fundamental conditions on which the Genoa Conference must be based one which is assuredly essential to the restoration of peace, viz., “That all countries should join in an undertaking to refrain from aggression against their neighbours.” If all nations would not only join in, but keep, such an undertaking, peace would certainly be secured, for in the modern world all nations are neighbours to each other. But the clause inevitably suggests an already existent organization, one of the objects of which is to secure the observance of that precise condition. Why, we naturally ask, is not this whole Conference entrusted to the League of Nations, extended to include ex-enemy countries? By becoming members of the League Germany and Russia would subscribe to that undertaking and come under regulations which, though they do not make war impossible, prevent anything like sudden aggression, and aim at removing its causes and its instruments. The League will remain impotent for good until the Governments which already belong to it make it the inspiration and the medium of their foreign policy, instead of acting as if it did not exist. And to that end they must aim at including the States still outside it, in Europe at any rate, so that its Council and Assembly may be truly representative.

**No alternative  
to dealing with  
Russia.**

Whilst not impugning the good faith of those who, like the French Government and a large section of English public opinion, are opposed to the pan-European Conference, those who are striving for peace in Christendom have a right to ask what other means are proposed by which Europe can have rest. To wait

until Germany kisses the rod or until Bolshevism meets its inevitable overthrow is to prolong war-conditions for generations. *The Times* which, with admirable consistency but disproportionate vehemence, has fought the Genoa project from the first, is compelled to own, in speaking of the meeting of experts which is preparing for it, that these experts who are "practical men," not "politicians," are "fully alive to the importance of speedily re-establishing economic relations with these countries [Russia, Austria, Rumania, etc.]. All of them realize the economic interdependence of all nations as a dominant factor in determining their conclusions." That being so, Russia and the rest must be admitted to conference, and there must be an economic parley with the detested and detestable Bolshevik. There is no alternative course, and if certain modifications in the Versailles Treaty, which has proved a Peace Treaty only in name, have at last to be made, after debate with ex-enemies and neutrals, the Versailles Treaty need not be held more sacrosanct than that of Sèvres, for the alteration of which our Turko-phils have long been clamouring. The Allies have tried to destroy the Bolsheviks by force and have only consolidated their power. The first article in the Cannes Resolution—"Nations can claim no right to dictate to each other regarding the principles on which they are to regulate their system of ownership, internal economy and government. It is for every nation to choose for itself the system which it prefers in this respect"—is a formal repudiation of that policy, which the Soviet Government as such has a right to expect before it can enter negotiations. The fifth article on the other hand demands that no attempt should be made by any nation to upset by propaganda the established political system in other countries,—a provision which debars the Soviet Government from continuing its attacks upon the capitalist bourgeoisie. The fact that no trader, no matter what official arrangements are made, will deal with Russia without effective guarantees as to the security of his transactions, is alone enough to make the Bolshevik demonstrate his *bona fides* to the uttermost.

**Disarmament  
must  
be Universal.**

According to *The Times* and other papers, the attempt to disarm Germany by land is not proving very successful. We read constantly of hidden stores of arms, camouflaged military formations, plant that can readily turn out war-material, etc., etc. Yet to do more than is being done in order to enforce that provision of the Versailles Treaty would seem impossible without a more drastic interference with the internal life of the country and a consequent increase of expenditure beyond the resources of the Allies. It is easy to accuse Germany of bad faith in this matter, but if the positions were reversed and Germany,

had dictated terms of peace to the Allies, which of them could honestly say that they would strain every nerve in order to prevent evasion of conditions which they did not feel to be just? There is much unconscious hypocrisy in our judgments of other nations, not to be corrected save by the salutary imaginative process of putting ourselves in their place. The enforced disarmament of sixty millions of people, whose national spirit has been intensified by misfortune, is an impossibility in any case, but it becomes still more impossible when the surrounding nations are still by their policy proclaiming the doctrine of force. Their civil leaders, who have the League of Nations to their credit, still espouse the cause of peace, but their military men are already contemplating another war. The recent debates in the Commons on the military and naval estimates practically ignored the League of Nations. The Financial Secretary to the Admiralty justified certain reductions on the grounds that "there was no reasonable probability of a great war for at least ten years." Sir Henry Wilson said that there were as many armed men in Europe at the present moment as there were in 1913, and went on to urge the venerable fallacy that the way to have peace is to have an army sufficiently strong to prevent war. In a world of conflicting antagonisms, the mere attempt to raise an army of overwhelming strength inevitably defeats its own purpose by arousing competition, and the result of competition is to leave the rival nations in the same relative condition of strength but groaning under excessive and growing burdens. That way madness lies, but the military mind seems incapable of seeing it.

**Cut-throat  
Trade  
Competition.**

Nor will they ever see it until commercial men cease to look upon the world as an arena for the battles of trade, of which purged vision there is as yet little trace. The speeches of our public men are full of the old idea of mercantile supremacy. If any nation aims at developing its commercial marine, that is a blow at our carrying trade. "It looks to me," said the President of the Board of Trade,<sup>1</sup> "as if we were entering on an era when this country and our Empire will have to fight for its life for the preservation of that most vital part of its existence, its mercantile marine." And he went on to lament the world-wide growth of tariffs and other artificial restrictions on the flow of trade. But there was no suggestion that it might be well to substitute for this scramble for markets, some sort of co-operation between commercial nations which would secure the advantage of all. Again, Lord Blyth, in an excellent letter<sup>2</sup> in favour of universal penny postage, holds out as one of its advantages

<sup>1</sup> *Times*, March 3rd.

<sup>2</sup> *Times*, March 25th.



the fact that "our manufacturers and merchants will then be in a better position than they have ever been to secure the lion's share of the world's trade." As long as this conception of international relations remains prevalent, the area of conflict will constantly extend beyond the peaceful confines of commerce to the region of war. Contrary to the common proverb it is the flag that follows trade.

**Why Force  
is  
preferred to Law.**

Although ostensibly devoted to showing how war can be prosecuted most successfully, the series of articles on "Our Future in the Air," by General Groves, a prominent air-officer, recently published in *The Times*, should do much to discredit war altogether. The General makes no secret of his view that Armageddon has made no difference.

The rule of the world still rests on force [he says]. . . . While, in spite of the recent tremendous conflagration, the nations have not made any adequate and concerted efforts to avoid future war, on the other hand, the numerous causes which have in the past led to wars still exist. And the thousands of millions now being expended on armaments throughout the world afford concrete evidence that force is still the dominant factor in human affairs.

The writer should rather have said that fear, mistrust, jealousy, cupidity, ambition,—all relying on force to gain their ends since those ends cannot rest upon justice—are still dominant in international dealings, and will continue to prevail just so long as the citizens of the various nations are too ignorant and apathetic and cowardly to destroy them. For that reason those Christians who are fully alive to what their creed involves, those Catholics who accept the guidance and inspiration in this matter of their spiritual Head are eager to foster any sane form of cosmopolitanism, any means of curbing excessive nationalism, and destroying racial prejudice, that shows itself. Though the internationalism advocated by Marx and founded on the false theories of Communism is a movement rather for war than peace, still it is real peace that the worker everywhere wants, for no one suffers as he from war. And the worker can have peace if he wills, for no war can be made without him.

General Groves, to do him justice, does not commend this lamentable condition of affairs. He is concerned only with existing facts and their implications. He goes on:

We are not concerned here with the ethics of this situation but with the situation itself. It is clear that Great Britain, with all other States, still regards war as the ultimate form of arbitrament, for in common with all other

civilized States she is spending many millions a year on national defence. In view of the circumstances referred to above such expenditure is merely a measure of self-preservation.

The General is within his rights in waiving ethical considerations. But the citizens of each nation are bound in justice to bear them in mind, and to strike at the causes which necessitate such measures of self-preservation. They must see that their Governments, whilst retaining armed forces to serve as sanction to law, combine amongst themselves to eliminate fear, distrust and covetousness in their mutual relations. They must make the League of Nations, which was founded to get rid of war, a real thing.

**The future  
Character of  
Air-Warfare.**

In the course of his articles General Groves gives them abundant reason for shaking off their lethargy, for he develops the well-known thesis that war in the future will be war carried on through the air, war that will know no distinction between combatant and non-combatant, war the object of which will be the utter ruin of the enemy country and the wholesale destruction of its inhabitants.

It is not improbable [writes the General calmly] that, despite Conventions and other international pacts, bombs containing liquid poison gas will be used against populous centres. . . . There is no need to enlarge upon the results of aerial bombardments with high explosive, incendiary and poison gas, delivered by thousands of machines.

The only remedy, the writer suggests in the rest of his articles, is to get your blow in first, to maintain an overwhelming force of air-craft ready mobilised, so as to be able to forestall aggressive action on the part of others; in other words, he contemplates the old mad competition in armaments which a tardy spasm of common sense, and a growing fear of the tax-payer, has recently ruled out of naval affairs. One is tempted to ask—Why does not every voter that can think and remember and forecast say that this belligerency must cease, that the nations "must make adequate and concerted efforts to avoid future war," instead of despairingly accepting anarchic conditions which have long ago disappeared from national life? The matter is urgent. The new mentality must be evoked or at least implanted by this war-scourged generation. In the memorandum drafted three years ago by the Premier for the guidance of the Peace Conference, to which that body paid remarkably little heed, he declares that "the deep impression made upon the human heart by four years of unexampled slaughter will disappear with the hearts

upon which it has been marked by the terrible sword of the great war." Unless we who have known by experience what war is take steps to do away with its causes, future generations will, from mere unimaginativeness, stumble as blindly into it as we did.

**Disarmament  
all round.**

Amongst other wise words in his Memorandum, Mr. Lloyd George has written the following, relative to this matter of disarmament.

"To my mind," he says, "it is idle to endeavour to impose a permanent limitation of armaments upon Germany unless we are prepared similarly to impose a limitation upon ourselves." And, whilst owning that until Germany and Russia had given practical proof that they would henceforward lay aside all militaristic ambitions it was but prudent for the Allies to maintain considerable forces, he makes a strong plea for a practical League of Nations, wherein the Allies, to start with, would "arrive at such an agreement in regard to armaments amongst themselves as would make it impossible for suspicion to arise amongst them in regard to their intentions towards one another." Some approach to this ideal was made at Washington in the matter of naval competition, but land armaments were ruled out and air-forces not even considered. Undoubtedly this was owing to the opposition of France, and undoubtedly that opposition was due to the failure of Great Britain and America to guarantee her security. The Premier in his Memorandum pleads for that guarantee "until the authority and effectiveness of the League of Nations has been demonstrated," and those who believe in the necessity and possibility of such a League will regret that such a temporary assurance was not given. France has come to feel that practically she stands alone, and she does not believe in a reformed non-militarist Germany, content to live and let live.

**Why France  
cannot Disarm.**

The consequences as regards French policy abroad are investigated with searching and kindly sympathy in a well-informed article by Mr. Denis Gwynn, in the current number of our contemporary, *Studies*, to which we may commend readers who are disposed to judge France severely. Mr. Gwynn makes plain what most people ignore, viz., the vital necessity under which France labours to receive full reparation for the ruin of her devastated provinces. She cannot reconstruct them unaided; if she does not, she goes bankrupt; the Allies, overwhelmed by their own economic troubles, are indisposed to help her. It follows that she, who did nothing to provoke the war, and who was by far the chief agent in winning the victory, must rely on herself to exact what recompense she can from a beaten yet recalcitrant foe. Her man power is still declining. She lost so

many in the war that the addition of Alsace-Lorraine leaves her less in population than she was in 1914. Her birth-rate sinks lower and lower, whilst conquered Germany is growing in numbers. Hence she feels that, if she is to retain what she has won, she must recruit her armies from her colonial subjects. Hence the scandal of the black troops, employed to garrison the bridge-heads, which has affronted the racial dignity not only of "occupied Germany," but which is unintelligible to the Frenchman, who is apparently free from race-prejudice. These are some of the considerations put forward in this striking paper, which ends, however, on a note of pessimism. France has no hope of possible peace with Germany, and will probably try to stave off bankruptcy and forestall the war of revenge by an armed intervention: there will be another war and, if France must go down, she will go down fighting.

In this matter we prefer to be optimists. The forces at work are spiritual, and therefore dirigible by human wills. There is a great psychological truth in the Virgilian tag—*possunt quia posse videntur*. Why should the establishment of law and order within each civilized community necessarily stop at the frontier? There is surely enough practical Christianity left in Europe, or capable of being developed there, enough Catholicism in France and Germany, to make aggressive warfare impossible in future.

#### **Labour Trouble at Home.**

The issue of the domestic trade-war between employers and employed in the engineering and allied trades is not yet determined. That it should have gone on so long, that both sides should have so soon and so readily taken to brandishing their weapons of last resort, is a sign that masters and men are rapidly reverting to pre-war conditions when both pursued their own interests without reference to one another, and common interests were ignored. We had hoped that one beneficial result of the great world war would be that industrial war at home would be a thing of the past, that the worker who had proved his manhood in the field would have that manhood recognized in the works of peace, that industry would not be hampered by regulations tending to injure and lessen production. In the present conflict both sides have issued statements, and the employers claim to have sole management of their works. Yet it would seem that if production is the result of partnership of Labour and Capital, then both partners have a right to a say as to its conditions. As industry is at present regulated, collective bargaining is the workers' only security against exploitation. Trade Unionism is both morally and legally sound. To endeavour to destroy Trade Unionism in order to cheapen labour is neither moral nor legal. We cannot go beyond general principles in this matter: all we can say is that men are not machines, their human

dignity should be consulted in dealing with them, the industrial control which Trade Unions have won by generations of bitter fighting should be freely recognized, and employers should condescend to consult with their employees. It is a remarkable fact that no strikes or lock-outs have ever occurred in those trades which are regulated by the Trade Boards Act; on the contrary, there is a growing spirit of co-operation in those industries, which must extend to all if we are to have peace and prosperity. It seems that it is not the actual reduction of wages that is resented: the men are well enough aware of the desperate state of trade; but rather the manner in which that reduction is enforced; the refusal to put before the men the causes which undoubtedly necessitate it. Certainly Capital is ill-advised in speaking and acting as if workers were merely "hands" and not also intelligences and souls. It is not so that the menace of communism will be averted.

#### Newspaper Slanders.

When the new Information Bureau, to be established in the near future by the C.T.S. at 72, Victoria Street, is in full working order, we trust that such atrocious calumnies as that scattered broadcast by a London morning paper on March 6th about the venerable Cardinal Leo de Skrbensky, late Archbishop of Olmütz, will be made impossible in the English press. The matter was adequately dealt with in the *Glasgow Observer* of March 18th and *The Tablet* of March 25th, and the conduct of the Editor of the *Daily Express* in accepting and publishing from its foreign correspondent such a piece of malevolent anti-Catholic garbage without the slightest attempt at verification was appropriately stigmatized. In future we trust that Editors, before reporting information which reflects injuriously upon prominent members of the Catholic Church, will take the trouble first of all to make sure of their facts. It cannot redound to the credit of any paper to be convicted of uttering falsehoods while the means of ascertaining truth was at hand, and one of the objects of the C.T.S. (which will be helped no doubt in this matter by a long overdue International Catholic News Agency), in opening an Information Bureau is to prevent British editors from being at the mercy of shameless contributors from abroad like the correspondent of the *Daily Express*. We are, of course, assuming that respectable papers prefer sober truth to sensational lying.

#### Revelations of the Geddes Report.

Much has been said about the Geddes "Axe," the recommendations to secure economy of administration, which a Committee of business men, appointed *ad hoc*, addressed to the Government, and as a result of criticism its edge seems to have been considerably blunted. Yet the Report is valuable not so much on account of the proposals it made, which may or may,

not have been well-considered, but rather because of the revelations it contains of the wasteful methods of bureaucracy and the consequent object-lesson of the probable results of further State-interference with national life. The mean is proverbially difficult to draw between beneficent regulation and harmful intervention; there is an ever-present danger of damaging initiative and enterprise whilst preventing waste. Take, for example, London's electricity supply. There are no less than 70 different authorities engaged in making electricity for the public, and these 70 authorities employ 50 different types of system. Private enterprise, without co-ordination, has resulted in a most wasteful method of supply. If the matter were under one control complete uniformity would be attained, a host of middle-men, who only increase the cost, eliminated, and much greater efficiency achieved. Yet we cannot argue from the advantages of regulating one form of public service to universal State supervision: the revelations of the Geddes Report alone, with its lists of unnecessary and over-paid posts, are a salutary warning against such logic. Each Service has to be considered on its merits.

**The State  
and  
Education.**

Perhaps nothing was more resented by those affected than the proposed "cuts" in education expenditure. Teachers naturally considered that their high vocation would be respected and the expense of training for their profession. They have been underpaid in the past, and they are not over-paid now. Yet the fact remains that, owing to the attempt of the State to educate without the direct employment of the religious factor, the results have never been worth the money expended, and now that that expense is four times what it was before the war, the waste is still more apparent. It is apparently agreed that the average elementary school child who has been State-educated for some ten years emerges from the process with mind and will singularly untrained and undeveloped. The fault is not primarily the teachers', but the "secular" conception of education, and the whole out-of-school entourage of the pupils. There are those who hold that the State as such has no direct responsibility in education. That is the parents' duty and it is so recognized amongst the well-to-do. The State's first concern should be to prevent the existence of conditions in which the parents are normally unable to fulfil this essential duty. The State should, above all, see to proper housing accommodation and the removal of all that prevents amongst the working classes a decent home-life. Meanwhile, of course, in its own interest it must see that none of its members grow up incapacitated for citizenship, a burden which has been thrust upon it by its failure in the past to obviate the growth of a property-less proletariat.

THE EDITOR.



### III. NOTES ON THE PRESS

[A summary survey of current periodicals with a view to recording useful articles which 1) expound Catholic doctrine and practice, 2) expose heresy and bigotry, and 3) are of general Catholic interest.]

#### CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

**Indulgences**, according to the New Code [S. Woywod, O.F.M., in the *Homiletic Review*, March, 1922, p. 624].

**Papal "Traditions"** [H. Thurston, S.J., in *MONTH*, April, 1922, p. 346].

**Resurrection of the Body**: criticism of Mr. Major's heresy [Mgr. Barnes and V. McNabb, O.P., in *Blackfriars*, March, 1922, p. 707].

**Temporal Power of the Church** [Rev. M. Brosnan in *Ecclesiastical Review*, March, 1922, p. 230].

**Theosophy and Theosophists** [A. Girard in *Revue Apologétique*, March 1 and 15, 1922, pp. 646, 726].

#### CATHOLIC DEFENCE.

**Faith**, Bishop Gore and [*Tablet*, March 18, 25, 1922, p. 337].

**Henson**, Bishop H., proves Church of England Protestant [*Tablet*, March 11, 1922, p. 305].

**Jesuits**, Books against [*Civiltà Cattolica*, March 4, 18, 1922, pp. 417 533].

**Malthusianism**, Spread of [V. McNabb, O.P., in *Catholic Times*, March 11, 1922, p. 7].

**Mithras and Mithraism** [Sir B. Windle in *Catholic World*, March, 1922, p. 759].

#### POINTS OF CATHOLIC INTEREST.

**Action Populaire of Rheims** [G. Guitton, S.J., in *Constructive Quarterly*, March, 1922, p. 105].

**Catholic Workers, International Organization of** [D. Gwynn in *Catholic Times*, March 25, 1922].

**Christ's Birth, Date of** [L. Cardwell, S.J., in *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, March, 1922, p. 284].

**Italy**, Catholic Thought and Action in [G. O'Neill, S.J., in *Studies*, March, 1922, p. 111].

**"Messengers of the Faith"**: a Society for instructing Converts [Fr. B. Jarrett in *Universe*, March 24, 1922, p. 13].

**Philosophy**, The Opportunity for Catholic [M. D'Arcy, S.J., in *MONTH*, April, 1922, p. 293].

**Pius XI**, [Cardinal Gasquet in *Review of Reviews*, March, 1922, p. 184].

**Serbian Orthodox and Rome** [A. Palmieri, O.S.A., in *Catholic World*, March, 1922, p. 803].

# REVIEWS

## I—A SPANISH HUMANIST<sup>1</sup>

THE earlier part of this book deals with the problem of immortality. The late Rector of Salamanca believes in immortality; believes in it most firmly. This belief would, in fact, seem to be the basis of every other belief which he has. Yet over and over again he assures us not only that immortality cannot be proved, but that it can be disproved! He examines various arguments, notably those based on the simplicity of thought, and finds them all wanting. The fact stares us in the face: we die, and our souls cease to function when we die, just as they do in sleep, *i.e.*, they die with us. Yet the author refuses point blank to believe this. He can't and he won't; and he believes in Christianity, believes also apparently in Catholicism, because Christianity and Catholicism also maintain stoutly the immortality of man's soul, maintain it not by means of reason, but in spite of reason,—so the author thinks. The glory of Catholicism, as distinguished from and opposed to Protestantism, is, in his opinion, the fact that Catholicism defies science, scorns reason, whereas Protestantism truckles to reason and is lost.

This is plainly a very different philosophy from that to which we are accustomed. Its spirit is utterly alien to that of St. Thomas and to that of most Christian philosophers, theologians, Fathers. It would seem, indeed, to have but one link in common with the philosophy of the schools, namely, the conviction that man's belief in immortality is radical, universal, indestructible, and—valid. Unamuno is a humanist. He believes in MAN, written thus in capital letters. Or at least he says he believes in man. Yet I wonder. Man certainly has intelligence. No one doubts this, not even Miguel de Unamuno. It would even appear that intelligence is one of man's most vital functions, is a factor, and an essential factor in his very being. Nor is it possible to doubt that man seeks truth by means of his intelligence, and believes that truth can be arrived at in this way. Nay, further, man regards the attainment of truth as one of the most important

<sup>1</sup> *The Tragic Sense of Life in Men and in People.* By Miguel de Unamuno. Translated by J. E. Crawford Flitch, M.A. (Cantab.) With an Introductory Essay by Salvador de Madariaga. London: Macmillan and Co. Pp. xxxv. 332. Price, 17s. net. 1921.

aims of human existence. The labours he has consecrated to the end are simply enormous, and the convictions that result, quite apart from their practical consequences, are held by him to be of the greatest value and consolation. He argues, he reasons, he proves, and takes delight both in the process and in the result. If he did not do so he would not be MAN. We fear that Miguel de Unamuno is not a man, though he thinks that he is and is proud of it. He may have been a man once, and possibly may become a man again; but for the moment he is split in two, is divided into water-tight compartments. He has intelligence, but he is repressing it, and repression is dangerous. It leads to explosions, of which the Tragic Sense of Life is an instance. We strongly urge its author to look to himself—lest some day he be completely rent asunder. And we hope that the next book which he writes, though no less fascinating than this one, may be written from the standpoint of true man, namely, man whole and harmonious.

## 2—LITURGICAL PRAYER<sup>1</sup>

THE title which the translator has given to this excellent English rendering of Abbot Cabrol's well-known volume, *Le Livre de la Prière Antique*, seems to us in some ways to furnish a better description of the contents than that originally chosen by the author. The book does indeed help to a very complete understanding of "the history and spirit" of liturgical prayer; and it is only necessary to cast an eye through the table of contents to appreciate the wide range of its programme, and at the same time the minuteness of detail with which that programme is carried out. It is, we do not doubt, the admirable and orderly arrangement of the subject-matter which more than anything else has contributed to the success of the French original, now, we are informed, in its fifteenth thousand, while translations into Spanish and German have already appeared. Part I. deals with the elements of liturgical prayer, both as regards the material utilized and the forms in which it is presented. In Part II. we have a discussion of the primitive Christian gatherings or *synaxes* as well as of the attitudes adopted in prayer. Under Part III., which is of a more miscellaneous

<sup>1</sup> *Liturgical Prayer: Its History and Spirit*. By the Right Rev. Abbot Cabrol, O.S.B. Translated by a Benedictine of Stanbrook. London: Burns, Oates and Washbourne. Pp. xiv. 382. Price, 12s. 6d. 1922.

character, some of the very ancient formularies of devotion, such as the *Pater noster*, the *Gloria in excelsis*, the *Te Deum*, the hymns of the liturgy, etc., are passed in review. Parts IV., VI. and VII. are concerned respectively with the "Sanctification of Time," regarded from the point of view of the day, the week and the year; "the Sanctification of Places and Things" which is made to include the church, the cemetery and the blessing of material objects; and finally, "the Sanctification of Life," where naturally we are introduced to the Sacraments devised for different needs and emergencies as the Christian progresses from the cradle to the grave. Two other main sections remain: Part V., which is consecrated to devotion to our Lord, the Blessed Virgin and the Saints, and Part VIII., the longest division of the book, which is entitled "Euchology," and is mainly taken up with a selection of familiar examples of liturgical prayer for every-day needs, a foremost place naturally being assigned to the Ordinary of the Mass. We must confess to feeling some little disappointment that in this English edition of a book which appeared originally more than twenty years ago, Abbot Cabrol has decided to make no change in the primitive text. No one knows better than he that liturgical studies have not been precisely at a standstill during the interval, and that consequently many of the bibliographical footnotes are now decidedly out of date. However, the book is intended probably in the first instance for the devout laity rather than for scholars, and it must be admitted that a thorough revision would entail a considerable expenditure of time. We must console ourselves with the fact that the translator has provided a very useful index which is, or was, lacking in the original.

### 3—BOSSUET<sup>1</sup>

THE readers, and they are many, of Miss Sanders' previous studies of Fenelon, St. Vincent de Paul and Ste Chantal, will know what to find in this latest volume of an interesting and valuable series. They will meet the same wide knowledge of the times and the same measure of sympathy and competence in her criticism. Indeed, we are inclined to think her too critical in this study of Bossuet. She goes through the chief events of his long life and passes sen-

<sup>1</sup> *Jacques Bénigne Bossuet. A Study.* By E. K. Sanders. London: S.P.C.K. Pp. 408. Price, 15s. net.

tence equitably enough, but is she in proper sympathy with that "imposing reputation" which for her "veils" the real man? Of all the moderns Bossuet is the greatest example of that "sublimity" which to all criticism is the supreme test of commanding genius; he combined, as no other Christian orator, elevation of thought with an equal grandeur and splendour of expression. The "imposing figure" in Rigaud's "impressive" portrait is the real man, and a study of Bossuet should aim at bringing out this before everything else, to show why in M. Brunetière's final phrase "it is still something rare, something *exalted* among men to have been merely Jacques Bénigne Bossuet."

Of the controversy with Fenelon on Quietism, which for the modern and shallow student is too often the most interesting episode in Bossuet's long life, Miss Sanders writes with intelligence and moderation. She is too sensible and, we may say, too spiritual to be misled by the current jargon of "Mysticism," and too modest to pronounce confidently on such difficult questions. On the main point Bossuet was in the right, and Miss Sanders fully appreciates this. She is free from that unconscious anti-Catholic bias which has led others to make martyrs of all Rome has condemned, even of Molinos. We can hardly imagine her editing the *Spiritual Guide* with a foreword by Canon Scott Holland. That fascinating book, *John Inglesant*, has much to answer for here, but Miss Sanders is better informed. The judicious reader will be on his guard when an Anglican writer is dealing with great Churchmen and Saints, but with this implied reservation we heartily commend Miss Sanders' book.

#### 4—ABOUT THE BIBLE

##### FIRST NOTIONS OF HOLY WRIT<sup>1</sup>

WE have been struck more than once by the progress being made in Italy in the popularizing, in the right way, of Holy Scripture. The admirable edition of the Gospels and Acts published by the Society of St. Jerome is well known, and the Holy Father has lately given a large subsidy to the Society for the express purpose of keeping this

<sup>1</sup> *Nozioni Bibliche, proposte alla Gioventù studiosa*. Introduzione Generale: quarta edizione. By Mons. Dott. Guiseppe Nogara, Professore di Sacra Scrittura. Milan: Società Editrice Vita e Pensiero. Pp. viii. 296. Price, 9 lire. 1921.

edition at the same very low price. But besides this little work, which would take rank with our Catholic Truth Society texts, there are others, such as Professor Zampini's contributions to the Hoepli manuals, which appear to us admirably suited for the upper forms of schools, for seminaries and convents, and even for the Catholic clergy and laity generally. And of this kind is the work before us. It is a general introduction to Scripture, written for young students, but likely to prove very useful, if we mistake not, to all. The style is simple and easy, even colloquial, but none the less, the whole ground is carefully covered, while again and again we perceive that in reality the writer is weighing his words carefully, and that he is master of the subject. Perhaps at times he is a little too enthusiastic, as when he says roundly and without any reservation that St. Jerome's version is the best of all (p. 212), or in his equally rapturous praise of the Clementine Vulgate, in which he asserts that "all are unanimous" (p. 224). Still, he could not justly be accused of throwing dust in the eyes of his readers. He makes it clear, for example, how Pope Sixtus V. set at naught the results of his own Vulgate commission, and rejected practically all the changes which they proposed to make in the existing text (p. 223). In the same way he lays his finger on the weak spot in St. Jerome's own translation, his undue accentuation and development of prophetic passages (p. 212). We remark that he is in favour of non-verbal as against verbal inspiration, and duly notes the importance in this regard of the Biblical Commission's answer on the subject of the Pentateuch (p. 74). By a singular oversight, he does not use the Commission's answer on the subject of the Epistle of the Hebrews for the same purpose, although arguing from this Epistle just before. No doubt this is due to the fact that the first edition of the work came out in 1911, before the answer on Hebrews (1914) had appeared; but it should be brought up to date in this respect. It is awkward, too, to treat of the third element in inspiration, the divine "assistance," as distinct from the divine action upon intellect and will, before treating of this question of verbal or non-verbal inspiration, and without any reference to it, because the actual scope and province of this "assistance" must be widened somewhat on the hypothesis of non-verbal inspiration. Perhaps it might also be well to insist rather more explicitly that nobody rejects verbal inspiration as a possibility, or even



necessarily as a frequent phenomenon; the only question is, whether we are bound to suppose it everywhere in Holy Scripture, whether it be of the very essence of inspiration as such. Neither on this score, however, nor on any other, have we any serious fault to find with the author; his work appears to us altogether admirable, and we hope he will continue his valuable labours in the direction of popularizing the Word of God; and perhaps give us some sterner stuff as well.

#### METRICAL STRUCTURE IN THE GOSPELS <sup>1</sup>

This pamphlet is a reprint from the *Anzeiger* of the Vienna Academy of Sciences, and we are told that it is only a first communication. We are not surprised that the whole text of the Gospels should nowadays be discovered to conform to a metrical—or should we merely say symmetrical?—structure; that was a fate which was clearly awaiting it even before the close of the last century. The epidemic is abroad, and inasmuch as it chiefly thrives on a considerable disregard of historical and literary facts, it is largely Teutonic in its incidence. What we keenly regret is that Father Schmidt, of all people—we do not think we can be mistaken as to his identity—should have succumbed to this "last infirmity of noble minds," and we would give very much to be able to persuade him to renounce this field of barren enterprise, and to return to anthropology and the allied sciences, in which he has done work of such great value.

#### 5—A "BOOKLET" OF HIPPOLYTUS <sup>2</sup>

**H**IPPOLYTUS holds a position of considerable importance as a theologian and a writer in the early history of Christianity. It is commonly believed that he was a schismatic bishop, or, less likely, an antipope, though of no serious pretensions, and statements in the ninth book of the *Philosophumena* go far to support the belief. Still, there is no conclusive evidence on the point. Mr. Legge, while follow-

<sup>1</sup> *Der strophische Aufbau des Gesamttextes der vier Evangelien*. By P. W. Schmidt, S.V.D. Administration des *Anthropos*: Mödling bei Wien. Pp. 43. Price, 9 francs. 1921.

<sup>2</sup> *Philosophumena, or the Refutation of all Heresies*. Translated from the text of Cruice by F. Legge, F.S.A. 2 Vols.—Vol. I, pp. vi. 180; Vol. II, pp. vi. 189. London: S.P.C.K. Price, 30s. net. 1921.

ing Döllinger's view of Hippolytus' schism, thinks "it becomes more probable if we choose to believe—for which, however, there is no distinct evidence—that Hippolytus was the head of the Greek-speaking community of Christians at Rome, while his enemy Callistus presided over the more numerous Latins" (I. p. 7).

"His enemy Callistus" is *le mot juste*. Hippolytus is not sparing in his castigations. Callistus (successor of Zephyrinus in the Papacy) is "a man artful in evil and versatile in falsehood," "a sorcerer and a trickster," "a senseless and shifty fellow, scattering blasphemies high and low," "he teaches adultery and murder at the same time"—quite a nice piece of early Church scandal. Few, however, will be prepared to go the full length with Mr. Legge in his footnote to p. 124 (Vol. II.) and agree that "in this chapter [on Callistus] Hippolytus discloses his chief reason for the publication or re-publication of the whole work." After all, of a total of 547 sections less than 20 are given to Callistus; and in these sections there is clear proof of Hippolytus' bias and the reason for it. Hippolytus was unquestionably heterodox, holding a "Subordinationist" distinction between God the Father and God the Son. For this he was reproached by Callistus, "Ye are ditheists." Hippolytus *en revanche* accused Callistus of being a Patripassian. A rehabilitation of Callistus' character after the onslaught of Hippolytus would not have been out of place in the translation of a work which, it is claimed, was originally published chiefly to defame Callistus. The translator does indeed promise to "draw attention to the points in which Hippolytus has, in Dr. Döllinger's opinion, garbled or added colour to the facts," but these particular footnotes are somewhat meagre.

Mr. Legge's translation is good and accurate—an achievement of no small merit when one considers the technicalities of early philosophers and the wild outlandish formulæ of Gnosticism. An introduction of thirty pages discusses the text, the authorship, composition, style and value of the work, and the credibility of Hippolytus. Mr. Legge argues for the theory that "the foundation of our text is the synopsis that Hippolytus made, as Photius tells us, after receiving instruction from Irenæus; that these notes were . . . set forth . . . a long time before our text was compiled," possibly in lecture form.

## SHORT NOTICES.

### DEVOTIONAL.

**A**N admirable little book for "Quarant Ore" or any other period of "watching" before the Blessed Sacrament is **Heaven on Earth** (B.O. and W.: 3s. 6d.), by the Rev. D. G. Hubert, a new edition of which has just been published. It provides prayers and aspirations, hymns and litanies, arranged to form matter for twelve separate hours of pious exercises, and calculated by their freshness and variety to prevent fatigue.

Something after the fashion of Benson's "Papers of a Pariah," Mr. Kenneth Ingram, a devout Anglican, makes in **The Adventure of Passiontide** (Society of SS. Peter and Paul: 2s. 6d.) a series of reflections upon the Offices of Holy Week as carried out in some High Anglican Church. They are very individualistic and intimate, not at all typical, we should imagine, of the average, but are sufficiently suggestive to make interesting reading.

**Le Récit du Pèlerin**, familiar in English dress as "The Testament of St. Ignatius," has been translated by Père Eugène Thibaut, S.J. (Louvain: price not given), and forms, as it were, a "Fioretti" of the Saint. It breathes the manly vigour and original spirit of the Knight of Monserrat, for it is St. Ignatius' own story, told and written down by his spiritual son, Father Louis Gonzalès. This, the first biography and only autobiography of St. Ignatius, should shoulder the "Spiritual Exercises" on every shelf. Translated into clear, simple French, and printed on stout paper, it illustrates the formation and growth of a wonderful character and thus makes excellent and pleasant spiritual reading.

**Chroniques du Royaume de Dieu**, by Renée Zeller (La Revue des Jeunes: 6.00 fr.), is a most charming story book of the saints, which will please readers of all ages. We would recommend it for convent recreation and as a feast-day reading for convent schools.

Mr. Paul Woodroffe provides eight exquisite etchings for the edition of **The Little Flowers of St. Francis** (B.O. and W.: 6s.), originally published by the C.T.S. and revised by Mr. Thomas Okey.

The ideal of priestly perfection, inculcated in Holy Scripture and illustrated by the life of Christ and of His Saints, is the general theme of the lectures which Father Michael Hickey, D.D., of Clonliffe, calls **The Clerical Student** (The Kenny Press: 6s. 6d.). They evidence a mind saturated with devotional knowledge of the Bible and able to turn to pious uses the fruits of wide and varied reading. But above all they are full of unction and shade off, wholly or in part, into fervent outbursts of liturgical prayer. The book should be welcome and profitable reading in times of retreat and renewals of spirit.

### HOMILETIC.

The discourses in Father Robert Kane's new collection, called **A Dream of Heaven** (Longmans: 6s. 6d. net), are of a more particular and elaborate character and are not all even to be classified as sermons. Father Kane has often, in the course of his distinguished career as a preacher, been called upon to speak on special occasions—anniversaries, jubilees, inaugurations and what not—and partly as a memorial of such events, he has selected some of his utterances during the last twenty

years. They are all characterized by that lofty thought and somewhat exuberant style with which his other books of sermons have made us familiar. In one, "The Wearing of the Green," a Patrick's Day sermon, we find that apocryphal eulogy of Irish soldiers supposed to have been uttered by the Duke of Wellington in the Emancipation Debates to which, as we hope, we have given the death blow in **THE MONTH** for October, 1918. The date, 1961, explains its appearance in Father Kane's discourse.

#### HAGIOGRAPHY.

We can imagine few modern writers better equipped to write a life of the great Apostle of the Gentiles than Père Prat, S.J., whose detailed study of St. Paul's theology remains for Catholics the standard work on the subject. His **St. Paul** (Gabalda: 3.50 fr.) therefore aptly finds a place in the well-known "Les Saints" series: a vivid sketch of the career and personality, the spirit and character of the great Apostle.

The latest addition which Madame Forbes has made to her series of Saints' Lives called *Standard Bearers of the Faith* is the **Life of St. Benedict** (B.O. and W.: 2s. 6d.), the father of monasticism. The figure of the great Saint, and the stirring scenes which marked the decay of the old Roman Empire, and the triumphant emergence of the Christian ideal, are adequately depicted in this able sketch.

Another great saint, **St. Gregory VII., Pope** (Sands and Co.: 5s. net), figures in yet another hagiographic series, that of "Notre Dame," and recalls that century of violence and decay, the eleventh, which nevertheless produced such powerful ecclesiastical statesmen. The story is graphically told, with competent historical knowledge and, in its mixture of good and evil, it illustrates over and over again both the divine and the human character of the Church.

A handy little volume by Father Benedict Williamson, **The Bridgettine Order** (Kegan Paul: 2s. net), gives the romantic history of a religious association, which, founded by St. Bridget of Sweden in the middle of the fourteenth century, was all but destroyed in England and on the Continent by the Reformation. The well-known Syon Abbey, near Isleworth, was the site of the original foundation (in 1420) in England, which, after many wanderings on the Continent, was re-established in England in 1861 and now flourishes at Syon Abbey, Chudleigh, where, in 1920, the fifth centenary of its existence was duly celebrated. The Order now numbers twelve houses in all and keeps with singular fervour and fidelity its original rule.

Perhaps no Christian writer, apart from the authors of the New Testament, has had more influence upon the thought of succeeding ages than St. Augustine, for not only do the orthodox find in his brilliant writing light upon the deepest mysteries of faith, but heretics also have made him the champion of their perverse views. Commentaries innumerable upon his works have been written from diverse standpoints with the effect of rendering their message less clear. It is therefore a boon to the student to have such a character-study as Père Guilloux's **L'Âme de Saint Augustin** (de Gigord: 7.50 fr.) before him, to serve as a guide and interpreter. No one can write authoritatively about the Saint unless he has become familiar with all his works, studying them in the spirit and atmosphere in which they were written. This has been

Père Guilloux's achievement and his labour has enabled him in comparatively short compass to present a vivid sketch of a heart and mind of inexhaustible interest. His book will lead many to make the acquaintance of a thinker who, in the fifth century of the Christian era, had solved many of our modern problems.

## FICTION.

No one better understands what goes to the making of a romance than Miss Beatrice Chase and her **Lady Agatha: a Romance of Tintagel** (Longmans: 7s. 6d. net) contains all the requisite ingredients deftly combined in appropriate Cornish scenery—high-born ladies, noble suitors, ancestral misdeeds, hereditary curses, the lure of treasure, general cross-purposes, a happy denouement and wedding-bells, all complete—except, indeed, a villain fiendish and foiled, the plot moving easily without one. All the accessories are managed by a practised hand, and the story is interesting from start to finish.

Those who wish to practise their French and at the same time to enjoy exciting stories will find three issued by "La Bonne Press," of Paris, at 2.00 fr. each, suitable for their purpose—**Le Filleul de Fersen**, by H. A. Doulliac; **L'Homme au turban**, by Florence O'Noll; and **L'Erreur de Gertrude**, by C. Péronnet.

A fine book of adventures, which befell an American Boy Scout and others, is told by Father Boynton, S.J., in **Cobra Island** (Benziger: \$1.15 net), told in the first person in the super-slang common to the type, and with a competent knowledge of boy-limitations. A bright, fresh, original story.

We have many stories dealing with Reformation times in England, but Richard Ball in **The Better Part** (Sands and Co.: 7s. 6d. net) writes of the Irish country life of this period. The book is well and pleasantly written; and the story flows naturally along without lagging or "set-pieces" of melodrama. It has dignity enough to give all the tragedy its due, but better still, to make it clear that the end of the story is not yet, but to come in the "Divine Comedy," when "al shal be wel."

## MISCELLANEOUS.

A strange production, **Dominus Illuminatio Mea** (Talbot and Co.: 1s. 6d.), reaches us, written by a man who claims to be the most insubordinate cleric in Christendom, and is proud of it; who was an Anglican, but now isn't, though he still exercises his Anglican Orders as if he were; who believes in the infallibility of the Pope, yet won't believe what the Pope says; who proclaims loudly the Pope's jurisdiction as Peter's successor, yet won't bow his neck to the yoke! And all because he has experience—personal experience—that the orders he got from an Anglican bishop are valid! It is not to the century-old experience of his own Church that he appeals, for there had been no consciousness here of any objective Presence, nor yet of sacrifices offered by priests, until the tradition of the Catholic Church was studied and the rites *suggesting* a sacrificial Presence restored. Neither does he appeal to our experience, which is almost unanimously against him, so much so that the generality of Catholics would have been scandalized had Pope Leo decreed other than he did. He appeals solely to his own, excusing his quaint inconsistency on the usual ground that the decree of an infallible authority

has not in this case been officially declared infallible. We suspect that this deliberate rebellion against all ecclesiastical authority and this unique isolation is due to quite another cause from that which the author gives, namely, to the fact that there is one article of the Christian Creed in which as yet he in no wise believes, that which affirms the "Communion of Saints." Neither does the conduct he justifies and even recommends bespeak to our mind the validity of the great "Sacrament of Fellowship" which he claims daily to receive.

Convent-days seen in the kindly glamour of the past, mused over by a cultivated and thoughtful mind, and depicted with a sure literary taste, are the theme of **Schoolday Memories** (B.O. and W.: 1s. 6d.), by Mary Catherine Goulter. It is a testimony to the Catholicity of our religion that these memories, which concern a convent school in New Zealand, might as readily have been inspired by residence at Roehampton or Mayfield, New Hall or Ascot. There is the same training of character on permanent religious grounds which gives convent education, often ignorantly decried, its superiority over all other forms for girls—a superiority tacitly acknowledged by the fact that non-Catholics are so frequently put in charge of the nuns. This noteworthy little book most convincingly explains why.

Not before it was urgently wanted have Catholic sociologists been provided with a handy volume on a subject which meets them at every turn, artificial restriction of birth. In publishing his **Birth Control: a Statement of Christian Doctrine against the Neo-Malthusians** (Harding and More: 6s. net), Dr. Halliday Sutherland has done all that a competent physician, an able writer and a sincere and well-informed Catholic can do to expose a gigantic evil which, unless resisted, will ruin the nation; and it remains for the Catholic body and those non-Catholics who retain the traditional moral law to make use of this valuable weapon put into their hands. Like every other immoral doctrine, artificial Birth Restriction has no sound basis in reason or experience; it rests upon fallacy and can only be advocated through misstatement. Dr. Sutherland is merciless in exploding these fallacies and showing up the falsehoods which fill the pages of Birth Control literature. He has collected together a large amount of evidence in refutation of their main contentions, and proved that the figures they themselves produce contradict their own doctrine. But perhaps the most valuable and reassuring part of his volume is that devoted to showing that birth-control, even were it blameless, would be in the main unnecessary. The bogey of over-population is a mere chimera, for it would appear that there is a natural check upon reproductivity with every advance in civilization. The real remedy against the danger of over-population is the humanizing of the conditions of life. We trust that this book may be very widely diffused in view of the active and pernicious propaganda on the other side.

Father Müller's **Handbook of Ceremonies** (Herder: 6s. net) has proved its worth as an educative influence for service in the Sanctuary for nigh a score of years, and we welcome the fifth English edition, translated by A. P. Gauss, S.J., from the second German, and neatly printed and bound.

**Daisies and Apple-trees** (Mackay: 2s. 6d.) is a pretty title for the small, square book which Miss Mary E. Boyle has written, and Miss Mildred R. Lamb has illustrated, for the nursery shelves. Miss Boyle



has not forgotten how it feels to be seven years old, and that is the one thing necessary for those who write nursery rhymes. But added to this, Miss Boyle has a very charming style. Our only criticism is that the book's vocabulary is a little wider than the nursery horizon.

#### MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

The Right Rev. Dr. Fallon, Bishop of London (Canada), has had the happy idea of collecting from various writings by or about converts testimonies to their experience of Catholicity from the inside, and has called the pamphlet, **What Does it Feel Like?** (Catholic Unity League of Canada: \$4.50 a hundred). It should be of great interest and value wherever the impression is abroad that converts are always woefully disillusioned and only kept by pride from retracing their steps.

In the little pamphlet, **The Vocation of an Auxiliary of the African Missions**, we find a description of what must surely be the very latest of Religious Congregations—"The Society of St. Peter Claver"—which was founded in 1894 by the Countess Ledóchowska and definitely approved by the Holy See in 1910. Apparently the object of the members of this Congregation is to devote themselves under religious vow to working at home for the African missions. No very clear idea is given of its extent or organization, but applications for admission may be directed to the Directress General, 16 Via dell' Olmata, Rome (23).

The "Dogmatic Treatise" called **Holy Unction** (Society of SS. Peter and Paul: 1s. 6d.), by the Rev. A. A. King, is an Anglican vindication, very ably done, of the true Sacramentality of Extreme Unction against such Anglican writers as F. W. Puller and P. Dearmer. The author quaintly admits that "owing to the dogmatic thoroughness and efficiency of the Roman Catholic Communion" he has taken his matter for the most part from that source, and his explanation of Article XXV.—"Those five, commonly called Sacraments . . ."—does not carry conviction.

Amongst recent C.T.S. twopenny publications are Mr. Belloc's **Catholic Social Reform versus Socialism**, showing the ultimate point of dispute between the two to be the right of private ownership, and a notable lecture by Fr. F. Woodlock, S.J., called **The Miracles at Lourdes**, in which, after an account of various extraordinary cures, he draws the inevitable conclusion, "digitus Dei est hic." **Two Stories** by G. R. Snell contains a couple of clever character sketches. Dr. Halliday Sutherland has written a telling anti-Malthusian leaflet, **Do Babies Build Slums** (3s. a 100), showing that the destitution of slum-land is due to the artificial mal-distribution of wealth, not to the inevitable processes of Nature.

From Mangalore comes the third number of a Magazine which aims at focussing Catholic activities in the matter of education throughout India, Burma and Ceylon. It seems well adapted for the purpose, being brightly written and furnished with exhaustive records and statistics.

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ANY readers who wish to send their MONTHS, when done with, to workers on the Foreign Missions, can best do so by communicating with A.P.F., 96, Victoria Street, London, W. 1.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

**BAKER, London.**

*Three Treatises from Saint Bonaventure.* Translated by D. Devas, O.F.M. Pp. 150. Price, 5s. 6d. n.

**BRAUCHESNE, Paris.**

*Le Docteur Henry Dauchez.* By Père L. Dauchez. Pp. viii. 159. Price, 4.00 fr. *La Théologie de Saint Cyprien.* By A. d'Alès. Pp. xiv. 432. Price 24.00 fr.

**BENZIGER BROS, New York.**

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